A Nightmare
ON ELM STREET 2
FREDDY'S REVENGE

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2: FREDDY’S REVENGE

Written By

David Chaskin

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BEGIN MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

A big, yellow SCHOOL BUS pulls up to a corner and discharges a group of TEENAGERS. It's one of those fantastic spring afternoons and the kids take to their freedom like they were just sprung from Leavenworth.

KIDS

G'night, Joe...Have a good weekend, etc.

The BUS DRIVER doesn't answer but nods and smiles as they deboard.

He is a pleasant looking elderly man, wearing a khaki work shirt, a matching cap and chewing on an unlit, twenty-five cent stogie.

The DOORS fold shut, the GEARS GRIND and the bus continues along its

route.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

While there are only about a dozen kids on the bus, the noise level is deafening. GIRLS are yapping, GUYS are horsing around, someone is fiddling with a ghetto-blaster, trying to decide among several loud stations.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The bus turns a corner, taking them out of the development and past some older, less identical looking residences spaced more widely

apart.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

The Driver downshifts the old heap, pulls the wheel over to the curb and reaches over to push the door lever open.

KIDS file out down he aisle, some of them wishing him well as they leave.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

as the gears grind again and the bus pulls away. We see that there are only a few KIDS remaining: TWO GIRLS sit together toward the center and a lone, nerdy-looking BOY sits at the rear.

The DRIVER is in front of an aluminum divider and, except for the top of his cap, cannot be seen.

END MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

ON THE THREE KIDS

The two girls are pretty, teen-fashionable and just a little immature. One of them turns back to look over her shoulder.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE BOY

Poor kid. About 17, four-eyes, bad skin, lousy posture and an obvious inferiority complex. He's sweating profussely and he stands slightly to unlatch and lower the window. He pulls down on it with all his strength but it is hopelessly stuck.

He sits back down and sighs. Suddenly, he feels the girl's stare.

he doesn't turn but sends his eyes over to see who's goggling at him.

ON GIRLS - JESSE'S POV

The first girl turns back to her friend to whisper something. The friend turns around to see for herself.

INT.

BUS

The boy stares forward now and catches her glance directly.

The girls shift quickly in their seats to face forard and let out with an uncontrollable rush of mean giggles.

The boy is clearly embarrassed now and looks down at the books in his

lap.

We hear the engine REVVING - the bus seems to be picking up speed.

One of the girls stands, ready to get off.

GIRL'S POV OUT WINDOW: EXT. STREET

A MOTHER, her PRE-SCHOOL CHILD on a TRICYCLE and their DOG wait for the bus to discharge the girl.

EXT.

STREET

The bus speeds past the waiting group, to their amazement.

INT.

BUS

The standind girl's jaw drops open as they shoot by a familiar looking intersection and continue to pick up speed.

FIRST

GIRL

(to

her

friend)

Hey!

(calling

to

driver)

Hey, that war our stop!

The bus turns a sharp corner and the first girl almost falls. The second girl grips onto the seatback and lifts herself to her feet.

SECOND

GIRL

(calling

to

the

driver)

Hey, Joe! Our stop!

HER POV - THE FRONT OF THE BUS

The unseen driver ignores the calls and continues picking up speed. We might notice that his hat has changed; in place of the cap, we can see the top of a BATTERED OLD FEDORA.

SECOND

GIRL

(O.C.)

Hey,

let

us

off!

EXT. TWO-LANE STREET - DAY

The sky has suddenly turned; a wave of threatening clouds sweeps overhead and the WIND is churning a planting of roadside weeping willows into a tangled mess of yellow tendrils.

The bus WHINES near the top end of third, all of its FLASHERS are going like the dashboard was having a major coronary. It passes the last house and heads into open terrain.

IN THE BUS

THE SECOND GIRL steps into the aisle and starts making her way toward the front of the coach.

SECOND

GIRL

(under

her

breath)

Deaf

old

fart...

She stops suddenly and GASPS as she watches THE DRIVER'S ARM

emerge to throw the floorshift into fourth. His hand is clad in a strange GLOVE that tip his fingers with a menacing set of RAZOR-SHARP, STEEL TALONS. His sleeve is charred and smoking.

The bus SWERVES WILDLY as it skids around a corner, throwing its few passengers into collision courses with the walls and each other.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING crashes through the air.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE

As the lightning subsides, the sky is dark. The BUS SCREAMS

along, banging through rocks and ditches, CRASHING through a wall of overgrown brambles. Thick clouds of steam pour out from under he hood and stream back along toward the rear of the vehicle.

ON THE BOY

holding o to his seatback and watching out the window in terror as trees TEAR loose from the ground i the bus'wake.

We hear a LOUD RUMBLING and the bus begins to shake as if the planet itself is splitting in two.

ON THE BUS

Skidding across the desert landscape, being THROWN to and fro laterally, at the mercy of the shuddering landscape.

ON A FRONT WHEEL

as the tire smacks into a jagged boulder, SNAPPING the wheel from its

axle.

ON THE FRONT END

BOUNCING to a violent halt, the bumer digging a long trench into the

earth.

IN THE BUS

THE KIDS pick themselves up from the floor. It is very hot and smoky inside. They have moved closer together now, sweating, scared. Frantically, the boy tries to open a window, but it will not

budge.

He looks out the window and gasps.

EXT. POV FROM WINDOW

THE GROUND below begins to SPLIT apart and tumble into a deep fissure that is encirling the bus.

ON THE MOOR, THE BUS CENTER

The land is IMPLODING all around it; huge chunks of the earth's crust are shearing themselves loose from the edges of the fissure and tumbling into oblivion.

In moments, the bus is stranded on the narrow tip of a towering ridge of

crumbling stone.

The bus teeters precariously, tasting the smoky abyss in every direction.

INSIDE

THE SECOND GIRL is on al fours in the aisle. She looks up toward the driver's seat.

SECOND

GIRL

(seeing

something

hideous)

Jesus!

She scrambles to her feet and begins backing off. The floor of the bus shifts dangerously, throwing the girl into the edge of one of the seats.

ON THE DRIVER

as he makes his way toward the back. We don'g see his face but he

is dressed in a filthy green and red sweater. In the B.G., the dashboard instruments are sparking and sending thick black fumes toward the ceiling. SMOKE is rising off his body as if he just stepped out of some horrible fire. A small patch of skin on his hand sizzles and pops and drips a molten glob of flesh that burns a small hole in a seat cushion.

His Razor-Talons sweep along the tops of the seat-backs CUTTING

deep gashes into the green vinyl upholstery and SCRAPING horribly over the tubular steel support poles.

ON THE BOY

Terrified. Lookign first at the awful talons, then out the window at the DEADLY DROP and back at the bus driver.

ON THE GIRLS

Sweating, panicking. They back away, going from window to window, trying desperately to pull them down. They're all locked tight.

One reaches for the emergence door leer at the rear of the bus.

It comes off in her hand.

The kids huddle together, petrified, screaming, as the driver is upon

her.

CU:

DRIVER

He lifts the awful, talonned glove in f.g. Behind, obscured by smoke, we see, for an instant, his fce -- the face of FREDDY. he raises his weapon arm higher and STRIKES.

SMASH

CUT

TO:

INT. WALSH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE on a steel blade cutting into red flesh. We PULL BACK and see that it is MOM, slicing a tomato at the kitchen counter.

This is an all-American family; along with a MOM, there's a DAD

and a kid sister named NGELA and they ll are having breakfast together.

A moment later, there is a muffled, OFF-CAMERA SCREAM. Mom looks up. We can also make out the RINGING of an alarm clock in another part of the house.

ANGELA jumps slightly at the scream. She's a pretty little eleven-year old, genuinely cute, not precocious.

ANGELA

(to

Mom)

Why can't Jesse wake up like every-body

else?

MOM

(hushed)

Shhh. He must've had another nightmare.

CUT

TO:

INT. WALSH HOUSE - JESSE'S ROOM - MORNING

ON JESSE'S BED. An alarm clock RINGS LOUDLY.

JESSE WALSH (17) is sitting up in bed. He's sweaty and scared and disoriented as he slams his hand down on the alarm and tries to shake the nightmare out of his head.

We see that he's the boy on the bus only he's not half-bad looking

- far from nerdy. he has no skin problems and he doesn't wear glasses and his body's in good shape.

As he gets out of bed, still shaky from the dream, and we see that his bedroom is littered with cardboard cartons - most of them open and half-empty. He trips over a carton on his way to his jeans.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mom is at the stove cooking eggs for her family. She looks up, worried, as Jesse comes in and heads for the refrigerator.

JESSE

(mumbles)

'Morning.

MOM

(putting

on

a

smile)

'Morning,

honey.

Jesse pours himself a GLASS OF MILK from the fridge. He joins Dad and Angela family at the breakfast table.

DAD

You got your room straightened out yet?

JESSE

(yawns)

It's

getting

there.

DAD

We've only been living here six weeks now. I want that room unpacked by tonight.

MOM comes over with some eggs for Dad.

MOM

(to

Jesse)

Want some eggs...Angela, what are you doing?

ON

ANGELA

She is struggling to put her hand deep into a box of FU-MAN CHEWS

breakfast

cereal.

ANGELA

(frustrated)

I'm trying to get the Fu-Man Fingers!

Printed on the box is a cartoon caricature of the Oriental doctor pointing to a bowl of his product with one of his long, sharp fingernails. there's a burst above the product name that reads:

"FREE INSIDE - FU-MAN FINGERS" and shows a drawing of a hand wearing several extra-long, red plastic fingernails on its fingertips.

Mom lets Angela go o with her search and turns back to Jesse, waiting for his answer.

MOM

Jess?

JESSE

Huh?

MOM

Eggs?

Jesse rubs his temples. He was away for a minute but he's back now.

JESSE

Oh...uh, no, just some milk, Mom.

MOM

You

okay?

Dad eyes him suspicously.

JESSE

Yeah, I'm fine. Just really hot upstairs.

MOM

(nods)

I

know

it's

warm...

(to

Dad)

I wish you'd call someone to check out the

air

conditioning,

Ken.

DAD

(defensively)

I know what's wrong with the air coditioning - just needs a shot of freon,

is

all.

JESSE

Dad's fixin' something again. Hit the

deck!

DAD

Don't be a smart ass.

A short silence as they all look back to their plates.

MOM

(to

Jesse)

So,

school

going

alright?

JESSE

(shrugs)

Okay,

I

guess.

MOM

Making

friends?

Jesse is looking around for some escape - this interrogation is getting a little too personal.

JESSE

Yeah, you know how it is...

ON

ANGELA

She grabs onto the prize at the botto of the box and gives a yank.

A bagful of Fu Man Fingers come out in her hand along with half the box of cereal.

SOUND OVER: DOORBELL RINGING

Mom turns to answer the door, but Jesse immediately jumps up and cuts her off.

JESSE

That's Lisa - I gotta get to school.

DAD

(calling

after

him)

Who's

Lisa?

But Jesse is gone; just a kitchen door, swinging in his wake.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

as JESSE opens the front door to LISA POLETTI (17). She is facing the street and she turns around when she hears the door open. Not a knock-out but real pretty, with an intelligence and sweetness about her -- she is truly

lovely.

LISA

Hi.

She smiles and Jesse's eyes light up.

EXT. WALSH HOUSE - DAY

They walk to JESSE'S CAR - a beat-up, blue Falcon parked curbside.

JESSE

(gratefully)

your timing was perfect - I was

getting the third degree in there.

LISA

How

come?

JESSE

Ah,

nothing.

Jesse opens Lisa's car door for her. She steps in and sits down.

IN THE CAR

The interior is worse than the body. The upholstery is torn to shreds, the dashboard is cracked and peeling and there's a big hole where the radio used to be. A cheap, A.M. transistor radio hangs by its wrist strap from the rear-

view mirror.

Jesse hops in and shifts around to get comfortable, and reaches under the dash to pull out a couple of bare wires.

Lisa watches him routinely twist the wires together, amused.

LISA

Aren't you afraid somebody could steal your car like that?

JESSE

(preposterously)

Look at this car. Are you kidding?

He sits up again and reaches for a toggle switch that has been crudely drilled into the dash. He flicks the switch.

Jesse moves his finger to another alien button in the dash and pushes it. The STARTER turns over slowly, the engine BACKFIRES

and the car starts noisily.

Jesse gives her the "thumbs up" as if he were a World War I Ace and puts the car into gear. It BUCKS and FARTS and rumbles up the street.

EXT. POOL - REAR, WALSH HOUSE - DAY

DAD floats on a FOAM CHAIR in the middle of the rather run-down pool, sipping coffee from a MUG bearing the word "DAD". He looks over his domain with satisfaction and inhales a deep breath of fresh, suburban sir.

MOM comes out the back door. She looks just a bit worried.

MOM

Ken, shouldn't you be getting to the office? It's almost nine.

KEN

As soon as i finish my coffee. I'm enjoying my pool right now.

(sips

his

coffee)

I love our new house. Don't you?

MOM

(sighs

heavily)

Of course I do, Ken.

KEN

What's

the

problem,

Shirl?

MOM

(pointing

behind

her)

It's just I'll be a lot happier when you finish taking down those bars.

CAMERA PANS UP AND ZOOMS IN to reveal BARS ON THE UPPER WINDOWS --

this is the old Thompson house, replete with the security paraphernalia that kept Nancy Thompson prisoner five years prior.

MOM

(O.C.)

People that lived here before must have

been

truly

paranoid.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing shot of school, shot from parking lot with JESSE'S

CAR in f.g. School is in session, so the only students we see are TWO CLASS-CUTTERS leaning against a car passing a JOINT.

EXT. HIGHT SCHOOL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

An intramural SOFTBALL GAME is in progress. COACH SCHNEIDER, a nasty looking ex-Marine, stands behind home plate as an umpire.

JESSE is covering second base.

RONNY GRADY, a tough-looking wise-ass type, steps up to the plate.

He knocks the mud off his sneakers with his bat and takes his stance.

ON

JESSE

He glances over to the adjacent field.

HIS

POV

The GIRLS are in the middle of archery instruction.

LISA is there, mighty tempting looking in her little, powder blue gym suit, a quiver strapped to her shoulder and a longbow in her

hand.

KERRY, a dizzy, Bloomingdale's-punk, steps up alongside Lisa as the latter catches Jesse's stare.

SCHNEIDER

(O.C.)

Strike!

KERRY

(to

Lisa,

re

Jesse)

He made any moves yet?

Lisa smiles and waves to Jesse.

LISA

(aside

to

Kerry)

I only know him a few weeks, Kerry.

ON

JESSE

He waves back.

BACK TO LISA AND KERRY

KERRY

I think he needs a push start.

Lisa turns to face the target, slides an arrow into the nocking point, draws back the bowstring and lets the arrow go.

ON THE TARGET

It's a bull's-eye.

CRACK!

GRADY gets hold of a perfect pitch and sends it flying over the head of the PITCHER.

BACK TO JESSE

BOOM!

The ball skids off the side of his head and the kid collapses.

HIS TEAMMATES rush to his side and help Jesse to his feet. He's more embarrassed than hurt and he waves away any over-attention.

COACH SHNEIDER joins the circle of bodies around him.

SCHNEIDER

You

okay?

JESSE

Yeah,

I'm

fine.

SCHNEIDER

(walking

away)

Well, pay attention, next time!

Jesse re-takes his position on the base.

GRADY

(O.C.)

Maybe you oughta try something a little more your speed, Walsh. Like knitting.

Jesse just now realizes that it was Grady who scored a double off his skull. He's standing just off the bag, harassing Jesse while waiting to be hit home.

JESSE

(flipping

him

the

bird)

Knit

this,

Grady.

GRADY sneers and gives him the "JACK-OFF" sign.

JESSE tosses an "ITALIAN SALUTE", slapping one hand into the crook of his arm and throwing up "THE FINGER" for good measure.

GRADY grabs his own crotch and points to it obscenely.

ON THE PITCHER

He sends one over the plate, the BATTER catches it dead-center and POUNDS it back to left field.

GRADY makes a break for third, only to be forced back by teh LEFT

FIELDER tossing the ball to the THIRD BASEMAN.

ON

JESSE

His glove up to receive the throw as Grady STEAMS towards him.

The ball snaps into Jesse's mitt and Grady turns on his ankles to shoot back to third.

Jesse and the third baseman toss the ball between, each time moving closer in toward Grady. Grady switches directions with the ball, trapped between

them.

GRADY dives into a HEAD-FIRST SLIDE, trying to sneak past Jesse.

JESSE swoops down and tags him out.

Thorougly aggravated, Grady rises to his feet by reaching out and grabbing onto Jesse's gym shorts and yanking them down to his ankles, revealing jesse's bare buns-in-a-jockstrap to the world.

JESSE lunges for Grady, trips over his shorts and the two of them begin rolling around in the dirt, duking it out.

ON THE GIRLS IN THE NEXT FIELD

watching the wrestling match with ausement.

ON LISA AND KERRY

Lisa tries like hell to repress some laughter.

KERRY

Cut

ass.

ON

SCNEIDER

pushing his way through a crowd of laughing, cheering SPECTATORS

and jumping in to break up the scuffle.

He lifts both boys up by their necks.

SCHNEIDER

Okay boys, assume the position!

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

Schneider is at his desk. TWO BOYS carrying gym bags pass outside the Coach's office. They wave to him through the WIRE-GLASS

WINDOWS.

BOYS

'Night

Coach.

Schneider gives them a cold glance.

He checks his watch, gets up and goes to a window to look outside.

HIS POV - THE PRACTICE FIELD

JESSE and GRADY, side by side in the center of the baseball diamond. They are in "front-leaning rest" position, the cruel and painful frozen pushup that ends halfway to the ground with elbows bent.

We don't know how long they've been out there but it's probably hours. It seems just a little darker out and a lonely wind is blowing around their arms and legs.

In the B.G., KIDS are filing out of the building - some sop to look out at the two boys, point and snicker.

ANGLE:

We see LISA among the kids. She stops for a moment and views the scene with concern.

ON JESSE AND GRADY

They are dirty, their shirts are ripped and Jesse has a tiny bruise over his cheek.

And they're tired too. The muscles in their arms are twitching convulsively and they talk to each other between groans and through teeth clenched with pain.

We hear the OFF-CAMERA SOUND of several busses pulling out.

JESSE

How much longer you figure he'll keep us

out

here?

GRADY

Could

be

all

night.

(nodding

in

the

Coach's

direction)

Guy gets his rocks off like this.

Hangs out in queer S & M joints downtown. Likes prettyboys like you.

JESSE

Get

outa

here.

Grady doesn't pursue it. Instead, he looks around and tries to think of some small-talk.

GRADY

(finally)

So, what about you and that Poletti girl?

JESSE

What

about

it?

GRADY

You two got a thing going, or what?

JESSE

She's a neighbor, I drive her to school.

GRADY

She giving you any carfare for the ride?

JESSE

You got a problem with me, Grady?

GRADY

(shrugs)

Naw.

Just

killing

time.

SOUND OVER: A WHISTLE BLOWING

ON THE COACH

Dressed in his street clothes, crossing the field toward the faculty parking lot. He pulls the whistle from his mouth.

SCHNEIDER

(to

the

boys)

Okay boys, hit the showers.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

JESSE and GRADY stand at opposite ends of a row of lockers and change into their street clothes. Their movements are slow and cumbersome - like a pair of creaky old men.

GRADY

(finally)

So, you live around here.

JESSE

(sighs

wearily)

Not too far. My folks bought a place over

on

Elm

Street.

Grady stops buttoning his shirt and looks up at Jesse.

GRADY

Elm Street? You telling me you moved in to that big white house with the bars

on

the

windows?

JESSE

Yeah,

why?

Grady shakes his head and tucks his shirtails in.

GRADY

Shit, you can tell your old man he's a

real

chump.

JESSE

What the hell are you talking about?

GRADY

They've only been trying to unload that dump for five years. That

place is bad news. Some chick was locked in there by her mother and she went crazy. She watched her boyfriend get butchered by some

maniac in the house across the street.

Her poor drunken momma took her own life right inside your front door.

Jesse stares dubiously at Grady.

JESSE

(with

a

nervous

laugh)

You're

full

of

shit.

Jesse pulls his knapsack from the locker shelf, slams the door shut and walks away.

ON

GRADY

He smiles mischievously and shuts his own locker door.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

JESSE'S CAR is parked among a handful of others. LISA leans against the front fender, waithing patiently.

HER

POV

JESSE steps out of the building and spots her. he hurries across the

lot.

ON

LISA

as Jesse approaches.

JESSE

(surprised

to

see

her)

Hi! You didn't have to wait.

LISA

That's okay, I wanted to.

He raises an eyebrow as he opens the door for her. He likes that.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

as Jesse slides in beside her and STARTS the engine.

She looks him over. He looks like he's been through the mill a couple of times.

LISA

You

okay?

JESSE

Yeah,

yeah,

sure.

LISA

Let me look at your eye...

Jesse lifts his chin to show off the tiny bruise over his cheekbone. He looks almost a little proud of it - like it's an old war wound. Lisa touches it tenderly.

LISA

You shouldn't be fighting with that jerk.

JESSE

Who, Grady? Grady's alright, he's just

a

hothead.

LISA

You

mean

a

shithead.

JESSE

(laughs)

Yeah.

He guns the engine and they pull away.

EXT. WALSH HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

It's very late. The house is dark and even the crickets have hit the

sack.

INT. JESSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JESSE's having trouble sleeping. He turns over on different sides and punches up his pillow a couple of times, stares into space and finally sits up.

He gets out of bed, pulls on a pair of pants and exits.

KITCHEN

He enters. The room is lit only by the glow of a three quarter moon.

He regains his composure and steps over to the sink to pull off an absurd length of paper toweling.

We see it just when Jesse does; a GROTESQUE FACE has been peering into the window all this time. It disappears from view on Jesse's DOUBLE

TAKE.

Jesse stops for a moment to slow down his heart. He takes a deep breath and steps up to the back door.

He opens the door.

EXT. SIDE OF WALSH HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse opens the gate and enters. It is really quiet; not even night-sounds.

He strains to see past the shrubbery that surrounds the house.

JESSE

(hoarse

whisper)

Grady?

He looks around.

JESSE

It better be you, you son of a bitch!

We hear an awful sound from somewhere - WOOD RIPPIGNG.

Jesse makes his way cautiously along the side of the house.

He notices a red-orange LIGHT is flickering from behind a cellar

window. He gets down on his hands and knees to investigate.

THE CELLAR - HIS POV

An INTRUDER is bent over by the furnace, lit only by a raging fire in the fire-box. He puts his hand right into the flames and begins digging for something way in the back of the furnace. We can't see his face but he is dressed in a filthy green and red striped sweater and a battered hat.

He pulls out a bundle of rags, sets it on top of the furnace and proceeds to unwrap it.

ON

JESSE

JESSE

(petrified)

Holy

shit...

He stands up and looks around frantically. He doesn't know what to

do.

JESSE

(near

tears)

Holy

shit...

He hurries out the gate that leads to the front of the house.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse enters the house and scans the foyer. He heads toward the cellar door. It is ajar -- the LOCKHAS BEEN SPLINTERED AS IF BY A HUGE WRECKING BAR -- and we can hear the ROAR of the furnace from below.

He sticks his head inside the cellar door and peeks down.

HIS

POV

The SHADOW OF A FIGURE; movement on the cellar walls.

ON

JESSE

Breathing heavily. Brain whirring.

SLAM!

He pulls the basement door closed and holds it shut tight, practically

hyper-ventilating.

JESSE

(screaming)

Dad!

He looks around frantically.

JESSE

DAD!

Something inside starts to pull the cellar door open. Jesse tries to hold it shut, but the inexorable force continues to inch it open.

Jesse lets go and bolts toward the foyer. FREDDY is standing in his path, a sick smile on his scarred face. He flashes his razor-knives at Jesse.

FREDDY

(sinisterly)

Daddy can't help you now.

Jesse tries to make a break for it but Freddy is too fast. His un-taloned hand gets an iron grip on Jesse's shirt collar.

FREDDY

I've been waiting five years for you, Jesse. We got special work to do, you and me. Things are really gonna heat up.

Jesse struggles to get free. Freddy tightens his iron grip and fans his talons threateningly. Jesse's head stretches back from the chocking pain.

FREDDY

We'll do real good together, you and me.

Freddy hurls Jesse against the wall.

FREDDY

You

got

the

body...

(doffs

his

hat)

I

got

the

brains.

With that, Freddy removes his hat. There is no skull under there

- just a pulsating mass of blody BRAIN MATTER.

JESSE lets out an agonized SCREAM.

CUT

TO:

INT. JESSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON JESSE, still in bed but his entire body arched backwards over the mattress. His scream continues until he collapses back down into the sheets.

ON HIS DOOR

It flies open and DAD crashes into the room, followed by MOM.

They go to his bedside and stare at him as he pants and coughs his way back to consciousness.

MOM

(to

Dad)

Maybe we should call a doctor.

JESSE

No.

I'm

okay.

He sits up to prove it.

JESSE

Really. Just a bad dream.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

A rather bored looking group of STUDENTS is listening with little interest to the droning of their teacher, MR ABLE, who is lecturing them from the front of the room.

MR.

ABLE

So, to review, the solid waste, those nutrients that are not absorbed in the lining of the stomach, the large intestine, the small intestine - the alimentary canal - are passed out through

the

colon...

SOUND OVER: A FAKE FART

LAUGHTER from the class.

ABLE looks up crossly from his notes until the laughs trail off.

MR.

ABLE

(O.C.)

(continues)

The liquid nutrients are then carried through an elaborate system of filtering, aided by the pancreas, liver and gall bladder...

TWO GIRLS at the back of the room look at each other. One puts her finger in her mouth and pretends to gag.

As Able DRONES on in the B.G., we're ON

JESSE

He's having a hell of a time keeping his eyes open. His head bobs intermittently as he starts to nod out.

ON

GRADY

He nudges a CLASSMATE at the next desk to look over toward Jesse.

They

snicker.

ON JESSE, THEIR POV

nodding

out

BACK TO ABLE

MR.

ABLE

Or collected in the bladder to be expelled at a later time. And this entire process is kept moving through "the circulatory system", the center of which is...

(a

beat)

...the

heart.

On the beat, he reaches under his lab table and plunks a BLOODY

CALF'S HEART down right in the center of it.

We hear DISGUSTED GROANS from the class.

MR.

ABLE

...Four chambers, just like the human heart,

really.

Able describes the path by sticking his index finger into each orifice.

MR

ABLE

From the body, through the right auricle, to the right ventricle and out the

pulmonary artery to the lungs.

BACK TO JESSE, ASLEEP

A particularly ugly and ferocious looking SNAKE is wrapping itself around his arm, making its way toward Jesse's face.

CLOSE ON JESSE

As he wakes up slowly and looks down groggily toward his arm.

THE

SNAKE

opens wide and emitsa long demonic hiss.

Jesse screams and hastily begins pulling the reptile away from him.

ON

ABLE

Standing next to Jesse, he pulls the snake off his arm and drops it into a nearby tank.

MR.

ABLE

If you want to play with animals, Mr.

Walsh,

join

the

circus.

GUFFAWS from the class.

JESSE looks around, bewildered and embarrassed.

He spots GRADY, grinning widely.

INT. THE WALSH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Comfortable and very suburban. A major color T.V. takes up the wall opposite a pair of His and Hers Barcaloungers.

DAD is watching The Six O'clock News on the tube and fanning himself with a T.V. Guide.

MOM sits on the couch with ANGELA, helping her with a jigsaw puzzle.

TWO PARAKEETS are fluttering around inside a cage near the entry into the dining room.

JESSE bounces down the stairway, a rolled towel tucked under his arm.

DAD stares at him angrily then turns back to the game.

JESSE CROSSES in front of the set on his way out of the room.

DAD

Where

are

you

going?

JESSE

Just out for a while.

DAD

(shaking

his

head)

I told you I want that room unpacked.

JESSE

(begging)

Oh,

come

on

Dad...

DAD

No.

(pointing

toward

the

stairway)

Upstairs.

Jesse's about to protest but Dad cuts him off.

DAD

(firmly)

Now.

Jesse turns around, mumbles something under his breath and stomps back

upstairs.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE -EARLY EVENING

A pair of glass sliders lead from the house onto a stretch of patio that surrounds a gorgeous built-in swimming pool. The patio is dotted with all the amenities of backyard recreation: a gas

bar-b-que grill, a wet-bar, plenty of pipe furniture and even a pair of free-standing cabanas. The entire set-up is contained by a six-foot, chain link security fence.

LISA steps out of the cabana, wearing a swim suit. She tosses her towel onto a nearby chair and crosses to the diving board.

ON THE BOARD

She bounces lightly and jumps off, cutting gracefully through the water and coming up in the center of the pool.

MRS. POLETTI, a pleasant looking woman in her late 40's, slides open the patio doors and pokes her head out.

MRS.

POLETTI

(calling)

There's a Jesse on the phone.

LISA

(O.C.)

Okay...thanks.

LISA swims to the edge of the pool and hoists herself up. She throws the towel over her shoulders and picks up a wireless phone from a low table.

LISA

Jesse,

hi...

(a

beat,

diappointed)

Oh...that's okay. Sorry you can't make

it.

(a

beat)

No, I understand. Parents can be real pains...I'll see you in the morning,

then...

She hangs up and frowns.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - JESSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

JESSE stands at the foot of the bed, surveying the job unhappily and trying to figure out where to start.

Finally, he pulls a SHOE BOX from inside a larger carton, places it on his

desk and lifts the lid.

It's full of cassette tapes. He rifles through them, selecting one and popping it inot a PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAYER on the desk.

He pushes the "play" button. The tape is ROCK AND ROLL.

The music gets him moving a bit. He surveys the room, then goes to A CARTON NEAR THE BOOKSHELVES. He reaches deep into the near-empty carton and pulls out a stack of books which he plops on the shelves next to other books already unpacked. He tosses the carton

aside.

He's getting into the music now as he spins around to face the bureau. He opens a SMALL POX on the bureau while be-bopping along and pulls out a PAIR OF SUNGLASSES which he puts on, practically dancing. He dumps the contents of the box haphazardly into a bureau

drawer.

JESSE opens a large bureau drawer. He grbs a nearby box and dumps it into the large drawer, smoothing it over perfunctorily with his hands. A Stetson cowboy hat is on top. He drops it on his head and pulls it down low over his eyes.

ON A FULL LENGTH MIRROR

Jesse steps into frame to get a look at himself. He likes what he sees as he mimes a guitar riff along with the music.

In one smooth move, in rhythm with the music, he seings around and moves to the desk. He dumps a SMALL BOX OF PENCILS AND SUPPLIES

into the desk drawer. As an afterthought, he grabs a couple of pencils out of the drawer and drums a few beats on the desk with them.

He shoves the pencils up his nostrils, tucks his thumbs under his armpits and waves his elbows like he's doing the "Funky Chicken".

Silly stuff that one owuld only do behind closed doors.

He spins around, throwing his arms out and stopping ddead in his tracks.

HIS

POV

LISA and MOM are standing in his doorway. Mom looks horrified.

Lisa represses a giggle.

Mom reaches over and knocks timidly on the open door.

Jesse hastily pulls the pencils out of his nose and dives for the stereo to turn it off. Beet-red, he tosses the hat and sun glasses onto the bed and tries to look nonchalant.

JESSE

(embarrassed)

Hi.

Jesse looks to Mom who takes the hint and turns to leave. Lisa takes a step into the room.

LISA

(when

Mom

is

out

of

range)

I told her you invited me over. I guess I should have called, huh?

Behind the embarrassment, he's glad to see her. He puts the pencils in the desk drawer and shuts it.

JESSE

No, that's okay. I was just...unpacking.

LISA

I

know.

Lisa casually steps over to a carton and peeks in.

LISA

I figured you might like some help.

JESSE

(pleasantly

surprised)

Yeah?

JESSE'S ROOM - LATER

The room is shaping up nicely with only a few boxes remaining.

Jesse pulls a bundle wrapped in newspapers from a carton. He tears away the paper, revealing a baseball trophy.

He places it on a conspicuous corner of his dresser.

Lisa reaches into the box, retrieves an aerosol can and looks at it.

ON THE CAN

A medicated spray for JOCK ITCH.

LISA

(O.C.)

Where

does

this

go?

JESSE grabs the can from her hand and puts it down on the dresser behind the trophy.

JESSE

(mortified)

There's a box of sweaters over there if you want to put them up in the closet.

Lisa is anxious to pitch in. She nods good-naturedly and steps over to her assignment.

CUT

TO:

INSIDE THE CLOSET

As Lisa opens the door and pulls an overhead chain to switch on the

light.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

as she drags a chair over, lifts a pile of sweaters from an open box, steps up on the chair and stacks them on a shelf. She starts to step back down when something catches her attention in the

back corner of the shelf.

She reaches in and pulls out a small, red leatherbound book.

LISA

What's

this?

Jesse steps over to look at it.

ON THE BOOK

about two-thirds the size of an average paperback, it has a matching leather thong that snaps into a small latch on the front and opens the book.

LISA

(reading)

"Nancy

Thompson,

1428

Elm..."

(looking

up

at

him)

Hey, this thing is five years old.

Jesse steps over and looks over her shoulder.

JESSE

You

know

her?

LISA

(shaking

her

head)

Uh-uh. Before my time.

She turns a few pages.

LISA

(reading)

"February 17th - My birtday. Daddy came by today with a big ol' stuffed bear for me. He took me to dinner and a movie and when we got back, he and Mother had another one of their fights. He left angry. I wish they would

stop

fighting..."

Jesse waves the diary away, uninterested. He crosses back to continue

unpacking.

LISA

I

think

it's

sad...

JESSE

(cynically)

Traumas of a ten-year old.

Lisa leafs through a few more pages, stops and begins reading with widening eyes. She glances at Jesse and smiles impishly.

LISA

(reading)

"March 7th - Glen asked me to sleep with him again. I can't yet - I like him, I want to make him happy but I'm not sure that I love him.

I can't sleep with someone I don't love."

JESSE

That's typical. I hope she didn't expect to make the best seller list with

this

thing.

Lisa ignores him and scans the page.

LISA

(finding

something)

Wow,

listen

to

this!

(reading)

"Sometimes, when I'm lying here in bed, I can see Glen, in his window across the way, getting ready for bed. His body is slim and smooth and I know I shouldn't watch but that part of me that wants him

forces me to. That's when I

weaken. That's when I want to go to

him..."

Jesse is suddenly interested. He walks over and Lisa hands him the diary with

the page open to that entry.

He reads it and quickly turns the page. He frowns and turns another, then another.

JESSE

That's

it?

(another

couple

of

pages)

Wait, she skipped a week.

(reading)

"March 15 - he comes to me at night.

Horrible. Ugly. Dirty. Under the sheets with me, tearing at my nightgown with his steel claw..."

Jesse's voice trails off on "claw" and a chill of vague recognition goes through him. He checks the cover of te book and flips back a few pages.

Lisa moves closer to read over his shoulder.

Jesse composes himself and looks back at the book.

JESSE

(reading)

"His name is Fred and he keeps taking me to the boiler room. He wants to

kill

me."

Jesse almost shivers. He turns the page, and he freezes.

LISA

What

is

it?

ON THE DIARY

Jesse shows her the page. There is one sentence scrawled across the next entry. Lisa reads it.

LISA

"Tina

is

dead."

ON JESSE AND LISA

They look at each other, spooked. He turns the page.

JESSE

(reading)

"Rod's been killed - he got Rod.

Just Glen and me now. Can't fall asleep!"

LISA

Wow...

Jesse's face turns ashen as he looks up at Lisa.

LISA

Are

you

okay.

JESSE

(nodding;

covering)

Something Grady told me today about the people that lived here last.

Girl went crazy - saw her boyfriend killed in the house across the

street...

He is interrupted by Mom, poking her head into the room.

MOM

(cheerfully)

How's

it

going?

Jesse instinctively hides the diary behind his back.

JESSE

Okay...

She looks over the room, impressed at the progress.

MOM

Looks great! Thought you might want to take a break - got some cold cider downstairs.

Jesse looks at Lisa to see what she wants to do.

Lisa looks over at Jese's alarm clock. THe time is 8 P.M.

LISA

(standing

up)

No...thanks. I better get back.

(to

Jesse)

Got a major paper due the end of this week.

MOM

(ducking

back

out)

Well, it's there if you change your mind.

Jesse waits for her to leave.

JESSE

(to

Lisa)

Are

you

sure?

LISA

(nods

sourly)

World

History.

(brightening)

But, I'll see you in the morning, right?

Jesse

nods.

LISA

(pointing

to

the

diary)

Hot stuff. Let me know how it turns out.

Jesse opens the door for her.

JESSE

I'll

walk

you

downstairs.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MOM wraps the night-cover over the BIRD CAGE. She steps past ANGELA on the couch and crosses in front of DAD, in his recliver, vegetating in front of the tube. SHe sits and loosens her collar a

bit.

ON

DAD

He shifts uncomfortably and wipes some beaded sweat from his upper lip.

MOM

(to

Dad)

A little warm in here, huh?

Dad gets up from his chair. His shirt is sticky with perspiration.

Jesse steps in from the dining room, a glass of milk in his hand.

ON

ANGELA

looking up at Jesse. She puts a finger to her lips.

ANGELA

Shhh...The

birds

are

sleeping.

Jesse notices the intense heat in the room immediately. His eyes widen

portentiously.

ON

DAD

at the thermostat.

DAD

(astounded)

It's 97 degrees in here!

He pulls off the coverplate and starts fiddling with the coil.

Suddenly, a LOUD SQUAWK from the other side of the room makes everyone look up.

Jesse puts his milk down on he T.V. and hurries over to the cage, ripping the

cover away.

ON THE BIRD CAGE

Another series of HORRIBLE CRIES as one of the budgies proceeds to rip up the neck of the other one with his sharp beak.

LONGER

ANGLE:

Jesse throws open the door and tries to pull the attacking bird off his victim. the vicious one continues the rabid attacks on Jesse's hand, drawing blood.

As Jesse pulls his arm out, the bird flies out into the living room, roaring a repetitive WAR-CRY that is eerie and unnatural for something that size.

MOM and DAD jump to their feet. ANGELA starts screaming at the top of her lungs.

ON THE BIRD

It circles around the ceiling and then DIVES for Dad, cutting a deep gash under his eye. It seems much larger than it was before

- maybe twice its original size.

DAD

(screaming) Get a broom or something!

ANGLE: LIVING ROOM

Mom dashes out of the room.

THE BIRD swoops down, heading for Angela but crashing into the shade of a table lamp, knocking it to the floor.

It flutters to the ceiling and hovers near a light fixture. Its beak and most of

its head is covered in blood and it opens its mouth to emit a gutteral growl.

MOM returns with a broom and hands it to Dad.

As Dad approaches and lifts the broom to his shoulder, the bird screams agai and dives for Jesse.

Jesse throws his arm out to block the attack. The bird reverses direction and Dad swings in mid-air with the broom.

He misses, demolishing the remaining table lamp instead.

ON THE BIRD

It hovers again in the air, seemingly without any means of support, PUFFING UP, GROWING ANGRIER, MORE DEMONIC. Then, just as it seems ready for a last lethal attack, there is a loud BANG and the bird literally EXPLODES into FLAMES in mid-air.

The family looks at one another in horror and disbelief. The only sound in the room is ANGELA, attached to her mother's leg and whimpering

quietly.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CRASH!

DAD dumps an odd assortment of home handyan tools on the kitchen table. He picks through them, selecting a pipe wrench and a screw driver.

He crosses to the stove. We see Mom in the B.G., standing, not quite cowering, still in shock from the bird attack.

Jesse is leaning on the counter, next to the range, watching his father's determined moves.

Dad leans into the appliance and attempts to pull it away from the wall, probably tearing six or seven ligaments in the process.

After several tries, he stops and looks up at his son.

DAD

Help me with this thing!

JESSE

It's not the gas, Dad!

DAD

(angrily)

Don't tell me it's not the gas!

He yanks on the stove with more vehemence.

DAD

Don't tell me it's not the gas! Your mother thought she smelled gas.

MOM

(timidly)

I

wasn't

sure,

Ken...

DAD

(to

Mom)

Alright then, what is it? Bird rabies?

That cheap seed you've been buying?

MOM

(resenting

that)

Oh,

please...

DAD

What is it then? There's got to be an explanation. Animals just don't burst into flames for no reason!

JESSE

Well it sure isn't leaky gas pipes.

Dad stands up suddenly, CRACKING his head on the edge of the range hood.

MOM

(concerned)

Ken!

As he groans in pain, he's suddenly hit with a revelation. He points an accusatory finger at Jesse.

DAD

You set this all up, didn't you? One of

your

sick

jokes?

JESSE

What are you talking about?

DAD

You know what I'm talking about. What did you use, a fire cracker? A cherry bomb?

Jesse is angry now.

JESSE

I don't have to listen to this!

He storms out of the kitchen.

DAD

Come

back

here!

MOM

(upset)

Ken!

Dad looks blankly at the wrench in his trembling hand.

DAD

I don't know...I don't know, Shirl.

He used to be a good kid.

CUT

TO:

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark again, sleeping soundly.

INT. WALSH HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jesse emerges from his room and eases the door shut as quietly as possible. He stops to listen for any signs of his parents being awake.

SOUND OVER: SNORES FROM BEHIND THEIR BEDROOM DOOR

He steps lightly past their room adn toward the head of the stairs.

WE FOLLOW Jesse as he descends the stairs into the darkened foyer.

THE CELLAR DOOR

Jesse stops there, momentarily losing his nerve.

He finally turns the knob and opens the door.

INT. WALSH HOME - CELLAR - NIGHT

Jesse pulls an overhead chain, flooding the cellar with light.

It's just as he saw it in his dream but devoid of any intruders.

he steps up the the furnace, squats down and opens the firebox door. He reaches in. To his horror, he feels something and pulls out an object, wrapped in rags.

ON THE OBJECT

as he unwraps it. An old, beat leather glove with a row of rusty

knife blades protruding from the fingers.

Suddenly, the furnace switches on with a ROAR.

FLAMES are leaping out of the firebox.

FREDDY

(O.C.)

(laughingly)

Hot

enough

for

you?

JESSE reels around.

FREDDY is just across the room.

FREDDY

(re:

the

glove)

Go ahead, Jesse. Try it on for size!

Jesse looks at the glove. The blades are no longer rusted but gleaming and sharp.

he throws the weapon to the floor. Freddy moves in closer.

JESSE

What

do

you

want?

FREDDY

I need you to finish my work. Let me teach you, Jesse. We'll have fun.

You like my little trick with the bird?

Freddy advances. Jesse steps behind a stack of cartons.

FREDDY

Kill

for

me.

(laughing)

c'mon Jesse. Come to Freddy.

Jesse pushes over a stack of cartons in his path and dives for the steps.

Halfway up he misses his footing and slips, tumbling back down.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

As Jesse comes to at the foot of the cellar steps. The furnace has stopped and Freddy is gone. As he gets to his feet, he notices.

THE

GLOVE

on te floor, where he dropped it as shiny and new as the day it was

made.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

MOM, DAD, and ANGELA are all at the breakfast table, picking at their food; none of them is particularly hungry this morning.

JESSE enters and heads wordlessly to a coffee pot on the stove.

he pours himself a cup and turns abound to face his family.

Jesse and Dad are making an extra effort to avoid each other's eye contact.

ON

ANGELA

She's still feeling bad, drawing little circles in a puddle of maple syrup with a corner of her waffle.

JESSE

(to

Dad,

suddenly)

Why did it take them five years to sell this

house,

Dad?

Dad shrugs his shoulders uncomfortably.

DAD

I don't know. COuldn't get the right price,

I

suppose.

JESSE

And you don't know anything about a murder across the street and a

crazy girl who lived here - who

saw

the

whole

thing?

Mom looks at Dad. This is all news to her.

DAD

(testily)

I

don't

know.

(a

beat,

coming

clean)

They told me something about it, yeah.

What difference does it make?

He feels Mom's stare and finally turns to her.

DAD

Oh, come on, Shirl, how'd you think we got such a good deal?

(to

Jesse)

Listen - all old houses have stories.

JESSE

Did they tell you she went totally out of her mind - that they had to put her away? And that her mother killed herself in our living room?

ON

ANGELA

She slides up to Mom.

ANGELA

Mommy,

I'm

scared.

MOM

(comforting

her)

Shhhhh. Jesse and Daddy are just making

believe,

sweetheart.

(to

Jesse)

I don't think we should be talking about

this

now.

Dad turns back to Jesse.

DAD

(indicating

Angela)

You see what you're doing? Now I don't want to hear another word

about it. There's nothing wrong with

this

house!

ON

MOM

he looks up from Angela and sniffs the air.

MOM

Something

burning?

Mom and Dad oth look toward the counter-top.

THE TOASTER, THEIR POV

GLOWING RED-HOT and then, not just smokey toast but FLAMES leaping out of the bread slots.

Mom gasps and Dad jumps to his feet, grabs a dish-towel and begins beating out the fire.

JESSE turns white as he watches the scene.

Dad turns white as he watches the scene.

DAD turns away from the smoldering toaster, tosses the towel aside and heads back toward the table.

DAD

Craziest damn thing I ever saw - wasn't even

plugged

in.

Jesse puts his cut down hard on the counter and walks out. THe screen door slams behind him.

Mom looks at Dad, horrified as Anglea clings to ehr side.

EXT. MC DONALD'S PARKING LOT - DAY

IN JESSE'S CAR

As JESSE unrolls the bundle of rags he found the night before and lets the finger knives drop with a CLATTER on the seat between himself and LISA.

On Lisa's side of the dashboard we see the remnants of a big, fast-food breakfast; Egg McMuffin, danish, orange juice and coffee. Jesse nurses a cup of joe as Lisa picks up the glove and examines it with interest.

LISA

This is amazing! Your dream told you where

this

was?

JESSE

(nods)

Only it was more like, you know, sleep-walking. All I know is I woke up on the cellar floor next to it.

He reaches into his knapsack and pulls out the diary.

JESSE

Forget about going back to sleep after that. I was up all night.

(more

intense)

I finished reading this. It gets real crazy towards the end, after all the death stuff. But then she said something really freaky - about her mother taking her down to the basement to show

her

the

glove.

ON

LISA

She's totally sucked in to the story, wide-eyes and waiting for more. She offers a french fry to Jesse. He shakes his head. She pops it into her mouth and nods for Jesse to go on.

JESSE

That's when she started talking about Fred

Krueger.

LISA

Who?

JESSE

Fred Krueger. The guy in her dream who's coming to kill her. Seems he was a real guy, ten years before who went around kidnapping kids and

killing

them.

ON

LISA

She emits a long, windy whistle.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

KIDS are at their lockers, taking off their jackets and getting together everything they'll need for the day.

ON JESSE AND LISA

As they walk down the hall together.

LISA

Maybe you were having a premonition or something. You know, like those guys who help the police solve crimes and find missing people. You ever had anything like this happen before?

Jesse thinks about it.

JESSE

(finally)

No.

Never.

(a

beat)

You think that's what it is?

LISA

(thoughtfully)

I

don't

know.

They stop in the middle of the corridor.

LISA

Can I look at that diary for a little while?

Jesse raises his eyebrows vaguely, reaches in his bag and hands over the book.

LISA

(taking

it)

Thanks.

Before she can go on, they are interrupted by a squeaky voice to their side. At the sound of it, Lisa displays annoyed recognition.

KERRY

(O.C.)

Hi,

guys.

LONGER

ANGLE:

LISA

Hi,

Kerry.

KERRY

(to

Lisa)

I got your invitation yesterday.

Thanks.

(a

beat)

Any cute guys gonna be there?

LISA

(tired

sigh)

All

of

them.

KERRY

Yor dad picking the music again?

LISA

(smiles)

Mom's trying to keep him upstairs.

Jesse looks at Lisa quizzically.

LISA

(to

Jesse)

Last party I had, Dad insisted on playing nothing but Benny Goodman records

all

night.

The class bell RINGS.

Lisa leans over and kisses Jesse.

LISA

I'll see you later, okay?

The kiss takes him by surprise as she walks off with Kerry.

JESSE

(calling

after

her)

I may be late. Baseball practice!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

The school TEAM has been split up into two sides. There's an air of excitement about - like it's a close game, drawing to an end.

GRADY is on third, waiting to be hit home.

The PITCHER winds and throws.

ON THE BATTER

A swing and a miss. SCHNEIDER calls him out.

He tosses the bat aside, disgustedly.

JESSE is on deck. As he approaches the plate: A

TEAMATE

(O.C.)

Last out. Up to you, Walsh.

ON

GRADY

He sneers like they might as well just concede the game now and go home early.

The PITCHER sends one right down the middle.

JESSE lets it go and Schneider calls a strike.

He chokes up a bit on the bat and takes his stance.

Another perfect pitch and Jesse lets it go again.

SCHNEIDER

Strike!

Grady slaps himself in the face and shakes his head pitifully.

The PITCHER throws another.

This time, Jese catches it perfectly, SLAMMING it down the middle for a solid hit.

GRADY scores amid cheers and slaps on the back. JESSE holds up at first.

INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

JESSE is at the end of a row of lockers. He pulls off his shirt and tosses it in the locker, takes down a towel and sets it down on the bench next to him.

Several BOYS pass by on their way to their lockers or the showers, giving Jesse the thumbs-up.

BOYS

Good game, Walsh...Way to go, Walsh

...etc.

GRADY approaches and goes to his own locker, down a few from Jesse's.

Jesse plops down on the bench and slowly pulls off his sneakers.

He stops to rub his aching shoulders.

GRADY

(finally)

You hit that ball pretty good, Walsh.

JESSE

It

was

okay.

GRADY

Who told you to choke up that way?

JESSE

My Dad. He played in the minors for a while, when he got out of college.

GRADY

(impressed)

No

shit.

They continue undressing in silence. As Jesse speaks, COACH

SCHNEIDER steps up behind them.

JESSE

Schneider shouldn't have called you out

on

that

double.

GRADY

Yeah, well, Schneider's got a stick up

his

ass

today.

JESSE

(laughs)

Schneider's always got a stick up his

ass.

Schneider smiles wickedly as he places his hands on the two boys'

shoulders.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

JESSE and GRADY trudge along at somewhere between a job and a stumble. They talk to each other with words that are punctuated by huffs, puffs and side-stitches.

JESSE

(cautiously)

You remember your dreams, Grady?

GRADY

Only

the

wet

ones.

Jesse shoots him a condescending sneer and decides not to pursue it.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is practically empty with most of the students on heir way home by now. Jesse's car is parked in the center.

LISA is leaning on the car, waiting with a stack of books at her side. She looks up as Jesse approaches.

JESSE

Sorry. Schneider id it to me again.

LISA

I just got here myself. Went to the Public

Library.

(proudly)

Cut

four

classes!

He opens the door for her. She picks up the books and climbs in.

Jesse runs around to the other side and slides in beside her.

JESSE

(indicating

the

books)

What's

all

this.

LISA

Research.

(she

kisses

him)

Hi.

(an

intriguing

wink)

C'mon, let's go for a ride.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The blue Falcon rolls down the highway.

INSIDE

JESSE is driving as LISA re-stacks some of the books on her lap and begins leafing through one.

LISA

I'm convinced you've had a genuine psychic

vision.

Jesse looks over at her inquisitively.

LISA

At first I wasn't sure because you said that you never had anyting like last night happen before. But I found out that most people have the potential for tuning in to "the other world" and neve do. It has something to do with the environment

- like they have to be in a place that's

sending

signals.

JESSE

Like a haunted house, right? I don't believe

in

ghosts.

LISA

You don't have to. You just have to believe

in

energy.

She shifts in her seat to face him.

LISA

(intensely)

Look, you got electricity in your body,

right?

JESSE

Yeah,

I

know...synapses

neurong...

LISA

And heat and chemical reactions.

Where does it all go when you die?

JESSE

I don't know - into the air I

suppose.

LISA

(pointing

up

ahead)

Make a left at this corner.

Jesse turns at the intersection.

LISA

What about "essential energy" the soul. Does that go into the air too? You think there's a good

energy and a bab energy?

JESSE

(confussed)

I

don't

know.

(a

beat)

Where

are

we

going?

LISA

(smiles

mysteriously)

It's

a

surprise.

EXT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - DAY

An old generating plant, big enough to have served what was once a small town but rundown and obsolete now. the place is charred and the grounds are littered with rubble - as if there'd been a fire there long ago.

The entrance to the plant is boarded up and plastered with "NO

TRESPASSING" signs. Many of the boards are missing, providing easy access for the scores of vandals who had torn through there at one time or another.

There are no windows at ground level but the top of the building is lined with

many multi-paned frames; all of them are either cracked or missing.

JESSE'S CAR pulls into frame and he and LISA get out and look the place

over.

JESSE

What

is

this

place?

LISA

(excidedly)

Remember in the diary - Nancy said that she kept finding herself in a boiler room? Fred Krueger

worked here. It's an old power-

plant - a steam generator!

She pulls out several papers and hands them to Jesse.

LISA

Here.

JESSE

What's

this?

ON THE PAPERS

Xeroxes of newspaper articles.

The HEADLINE reads: "SPRINGWOOD SLASHER ARRESTED!"

LISA

(O.C.)

I did some reading up on our friend, Fred

Krueger.

Jesse leafs through the papers. Each one is a front page from a local

newspaper.

HEADLINE: "KRUEGER FREED ON TECHNICALITY! D.A. RESIGNS"

HEADLINE: "JUSTICE DONE - KRUEGER KILLED BY MOB!
SPRINGWOOD

SLASHER DIES IN HELLISH INFERNO"

Jesse sucks in his breath.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY, ABANDONED POWERPLANT - DAY

Jesse and Lisa climb between a pair of boards and step inside.

ON

LISA

She walks toward the center of the plant, fascinated.

INT.

POWERPLANT

We can see the remnants of a large boiler room. Big steel pipes jut out of the

floor in a tangle of elbows and valves and a clutter of debris. A one-story holdig tank rises above a concrete pit and is met on top by a mze of catwalks, just under the windows.

Although most of the ceiling has burned away, the interior is surprisingly intact for a derelict building and the overhead light distracts form any intrinsic creepiness the place would possess after

dark.

Jesse steps in behind her.

LISA

(solemnly)

He kidnapped twenty kids and brought

them all here to die.

She gives herself a chill but shakes it off and turns to Jesse.

LISA

So,

you

feeling

anything?

JESSE

What

do

you

mean?

LISA

I thought you might be able to make a

connection.

Jesse shrugs his shoulders and puts his hands to the side of his mouth.

JESSE

(calling)

Any

ghosts

in

here?

LISA

C'mon,

cut

it

out.

JESSE

Well, what am I supposed to do?

LISA

I don't know. Concentrate or something.

Jesse shifts his legs and stares up at the ceiling. He closes his eyes.

JESSE

(still

concentrating)

I feel like a jerk.

LISA

Shhh.

Just

concentrate.

Jesse walks around in a small circle, keeping hsi head up and his eyes

closed.

LISA

Anything?

JESSE

(shakes

his

head)

Uh-uh.

(a

beat)

Wait...

He walks slowly across the room, almost in a trance, until he comes to a board leaning up against the foot of the mesh-iron stairway that leads up to the catwalks.

ON THE BOARD

As his hand reaches over to touch it.

ON

LISA

stepping over next to Jesse.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

He pulls the board away.

A LARGE RAT, in her nest, WITH HER YOUNG, SNARLS at him.

Jesse and Lisa jump into each other's arms.

EXT. ABANDONED POWERPLANT - LATE AFTERNOON

JESSE and LISA walk along the outskirts of the building to a pretty cluster of shade trees nearby. Lisa hoists herself up on a boulder and looks at the building.

JESSE

Disappointed?

LISA

About

what?

JESSE

About not finding any bogey men?

LISA

(smiles)

I'll

get

over

it.

She is disappointed - She wanted to find some bogey men.

Jesse comes up close to her and they stare at each other.

LISA

(finally)

You are sensitive. I mean you sensed that the rat was there. And I can feel something about you. Sometimes I feel like I know what you're thinking.

Jesse moves in closer an puts his arms on her shoulders.

JESSE

(suggestively)

Yeah?

LISA

(ignoring

the

suggestion)

Maybe it only happens when you're sleeping - that's the way it was with

Nancy,

wasn't

it?

JESSE

Now, there's an idea we can take off on. Maybe we should drive out to the beach tonight and lay out a couple of

blankets

and...

(winks)

Until

I

fall

asleep.

LISA

(slyly)

Maybe we can do that. Strictly

scientific,

of

course.

Jesse moves in until their lips are almost touching.

JESSE

Nancy went bonkers from this thing.

You wouldn't be afraid of being out on the beach with a potential

lunatic?

LISA

Ghostbusters

are

fearless.

They kiss. Not little friendly pecks like before -- this is the real thing. Jesse drops his arms to her waist and she opens her legs so that he can get in real close.

Suddenly, Jesse groans in pain and stands upright, tearing from their embrace. For the briefest instant, we can see protrusions grow and subside on his forehead and the side of his face.

LISA

What is it - What's wrong?

JESSE

(holding

his

stomach)

Whoa!

LISA

What

is

it?

JESSE

I don't know - a sharp pain.

Lisa watches his helplessly. Finally, the agony lifts from Jesse's face. He straightens up.

JESSE

It's

gone

now.

LISA

Oh,

Jesse...

Lisa puts her arms around him.

LISA

Jesse, this is no good. You've got to get some sleep, Jesse. You've got to get some sleep.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - JESSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse is in bed, tossing restlessly adn panting heavily. He is drenched with sweat and continues to perspire profusely as he sits up and turns on his bedside lamp.

A thunderhead is RUMBLING somewhere nearby.

The PLASTIC SHADE OF THE LAMP is melting.

He scans the room picking out various indications of the intense heat that is surrounding him; A CANDLE on his bookshelf collapses into a puddle of wax, the LAMINATED TOP OF THE NIGHT-TABLE is bubbling, an UNSHEATHED RECORD ALBUM hangs over the corner of the desk, his PORTABLE STEREO has caved in the center - a Daliesque tableau.

SOUND OVER: SCRAPING

Jesse gets out of bed, crossing to the desk. The scraping sound intensifes.

CLOSE ON THE DRAWER

as Jesse opens it. Inside, THE GLOVE, fingers moving, independently, unattached, scraping little cuts in the bottom of the

drawer.

ON

JESSE

slamming the drawer shut.

SOUND OVER: A SWISHING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY A THUMP, AGAIN AND AGAIN

UPSTAIRS

HALLWAY

JESSE, barefoot and wearing only a pair of jeans and an unbuttoned shirt,

steps up to the door to Angela's room. The sound is coming from inside. He opens the door.

ANGELA is standing in the middle of the floor, in her nightgown, seemingly oblivious to the heat. She is jumping rope and chanting:

ANGELA

One, two, Freddy's coming for you.

ON JESSE, PETRIFIED

ANGELA

(O.C.)

Three, four, better lock your door.

ON

ANGELA

She sees her brother staring at her. She doesn't stop jumping but smiles and continues her jingle: ANGELA

Five, six, grab your crucifix...

Jesse SLAMS the door shut.

KITCHEN

Jesse enters, looks out the windows. A huge bolt of LIGHTNING

RIPS through the night sky; a multiple flash f blue light strobes through the kitchen followed by a CRACK of intense THUNDER.

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING cuts across the kitchen itself, SHATTERING SOME DISHES on the counter-top, leaving a plume of BLACK

SMOKE.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The rain continues to come down in buckets. Jesse enters shot and walks, unprotected in his drenched jeans and shirt and seemingly without any knowledge of where he is going.

The streets are totally empty.

EXT. DON'S PLACE - NIGHT

A seedy tavern on a badly lit corner.

JESSE steps into frame.

He stares at the place before stepping up to he door.

INT. DON'S PLACE - NIGHT

The toughest looking bar in the entire city. The place is packed with PROSTITUTES, PIMPS, TRAVELING SALESMEN, a couple of TRANSVESTITES and a generous delegation of the leather and chain contingency.

Jesse enters and crosses to the bar amid a few stares. He sits on a

stool.

The bartender draws a cold beer and presents it to Jesse. As the bartender turns away, Jesse reaches for the glass.

A HAND slaps down on his wrist and holds it tightly.

He looks up.

COACH SCHNEIDER is standing over him. He's wearing a muscle shirt, a gold chain around his neck and he has a sick grin on his face.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

JESSE is barefoot, jogging arund the outer edge of the gym floor and looking as if he's about to collapse from exhaustion.

ON

SCHNEIDER

Leaning against a wall of the gym, watching Jesse run.

As Jesse comes around for another lap, Schneider reaches out and grabs him, throwing him into a wall of folding wooden bleachers.

Jesse is dazed, ready to drop.

SCHNEIDER

(barking)

Hit

the

showers.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse turns on one of the faucets and lets the hot water hit him full

on.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SCNEIDER turns to a huge, padlocked cabinet on the wall.

He unlocks it and opens the doors. It is filled with a variety of athletic equipment: dumbbells, jump-ropes and volley balls, etc.

Schneider selects a pair of jump-ropes from the cabinet and sets them down on his desk.

A distinct PING makes him look up. He goes to the door and looks out into the hall.

SHOWER

ROOM

Jesse continues showering.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE

Schneider turns back to his office. There is ANOTHER PING.

A TENNIS RACQUET hanging on the wall has two broken strings. TWO

MORE STRINGS SMOKE, THEN SNAP with a ping.

A BASKETBALL leaps off a shelf of the equipmnt cabinet and bounce on the floor at Schneider's feet.

Schneider bends down to pick it up and TWO MORE BALLS jump out onto the floor.

A FOURTH BALL flies out and knocks over a TROPHY on his desk.

Schneider hits the deck when a DUMBBELL streaks across the office and SLAMS into the window, cracking the thick wired glass.

ON

SCHNEIDER

he makes his way to the cabinet by crawling along the floor as BASKETBALLS, VOLLEYBALLS, even a MEDICINE BALL fly over his head.

He reaches up to close the cabinet doors.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

A JUMP-ROPE on the desk unravels like a harpoon line and wraps an end of itself around Schneider's wrist. The other end pulls hard and yanks Schneider off balance.

He reaches up to close the cabinet doors.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

A JUMP-ROPE on the desk unravels like a harpoon line and wraps an end of itself around Schneider's wrist. The other end pulls hard and yanks Schneider off balance.

As he reaches with his free arm to unwrap his wrist, the SECOND

ROPE rockets off the desk top and secures itself to his other wrist.

hThe office door opens by itself. The ropes drag Schneider screaming from the room.

SHOWER

ROOM

JESSE turns as the shower head next to the one he is using, gurgles and suddenly comes on full. And suddenly, all the showers are on, spewing water and steam.

We hear Schneider's screams as he is dragged into the room, through great puddles of water and against the tiled wall opposite Jesse. The showers on this side are OFF.

The boy watches in horror as the ropes shoot up to two adjacent shower nozzles and hoist the Coach into a helpless spread-eagle, facing the wall. His clothes shear from his body like sheets of tissue

paper.

A STACK OF TOWELS

Comes to life, snapping in mid-air at Schneider's butt and back.

As they hit him, they draw blood.

ON

JESSE

as the room fills with great clouds of steam until he is nearly obscured; just a dark human form in the corner of the shower room.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCHNEIDER

as a figure in a green and red sweater and a battered fedora, cuts

through the clouds, CACKLING and throwing his weapon-arm back like a World Series pitcher about to lob a fast ball.

Schneider screams painfully as the knives cut four long tears in him, starting at the top of his naked back, cutting through his flesh.

The weapon arm STRIKES AGAIN. Schneider screams, goes limp.

WIDE-ANGLE:

SCHNEIDER

BLOOD begins to flow out of all the shower heads on Schneider's side. Schneider hangs limply from the shower heads.

ON THE MURDERER

CAMERA DOLLIES IN FAST to reveal it is JESSE. He screams.

Jesse lifts his hand into frame. He is wearing Freddy's bloodied glove.

JESSE

No...Oh

God,

no...

He slowly drops to his knees, sloshing in a crimson puddle, and stares up to the heavens.

JESSE

(screaming)

No!!!

SMASH

CUT

TO:

INT. WALSH HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

We hear the DOORBELL RINGING repeatedly until the lights flick on and DAD hurries to the door, wrapping a robe over his pajamas.

HIS POV AS HE OPENS THE DOOR

TWO POLICEMEN in rain slickers stand on either side of Jesse. he is naked but is wrapped in a blanket. His hair is soaked and dripping over his face.

1st

POLICEMAN

This

belong

to

you?

Dad can't believe what he's looking at. He just nods his head.

The 2nd Policeman gives Jesse a slight push across the threshold.

He stumbles into the house.

1st

POLICEMAN

We found him wandering out on the Highway, naked. Keep a leash on him, will ya?

CUT

TO:

KITCHEN - A TEA KETTLE WHISTLING

MOM takes the kettle from the stove and pours it into a mug. She steeps the teabag as she crosses to the table and JESSE

Wide awake, holding the blanket tightly around his neck, takes the cup from his mother.

DAD paces the floor angrily.

DAD

Okay, we're gonna put our cards on the table, here and now. There's not going to be any retribution - no fire and brimstone. I only have two questions and you'll answer them and we'll all go to

bed,

okay?

Jesse nods weakly.

DAD

Okay. What are you taking and who are you

getting

it

from?

Jesse snorts and shakes his head ironically.

JESSE

I'm not taking drugs, Dad.

(to

Mom)

Can I go to bed now?

MOM

(touches

his

cheek

tenderly)

Sure...go

ahead.

Dad tries to burn a hole through him with his eyes as Jesse gets up from the table and leaves the room.

As the double-hinged doors slap clsoed behind him, Dad turns to Mom without a change of expression.

DAD

(no

question

about

it)

He's

on

something.

EXT. WALSH HOUSE - MORNING

DAD is standing on a ladder, unbolting a set of security bars from the

windows.

He watches from above as JESSE runs out the door, followed by MOM.

MOM

Jesse, please, let's talk about this!

JESSE

(pleading)

I'm okay. Just leave me alone.

Jesse walks over to his car and climbs in.

Mom turns to Dad who is watching the scene curiously.

MOM

He needs professional help. I think we should take him to a psychiatrist.

DAD

(incensed)

Are you nuts or something? What the hell is that going to do?

MOM

I don't know! I just know he needs help and we don't know how to give it

to

him.

Dad shifts on the ladder and begins to protest.

MOM

(squelching

it)

Don't fight me on this.

She stomps back toward the house.

DAD

(calling

after

her)

He needs a kick in the but, is what he needs. He needs a methodone

clinic!

She throws back a dirty look.

MOM

Oh, blow it out your ass, Ken.

With that, Dad loses his footing on the ladder and drops down several

rungs.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jesse's car travels slowly and turns onto a tree-lined street.

INSIDE

JESSE drives silently with LISA looking over at him, upset.

LISA

(upset)

Will you stop and tell me what's wrong?

JESSE

(staring

straight

ahead)

I'm fine. Nothing's wrong.

LISA

(undeterred)

you didn't say more than two words to me the whole way here. You had another nightmare,

didn't

you?

JESSE

yeah, I had a bad night.

LISA

You want to talk about it?

JESSE

My Dad thinks I'm on drugs, my Mom thinks I'm crazy and I'm not sure I don't

agree

with

her.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

as Jesse's car pulls into the lot.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

as they turn a corner. Jesse jams on the brakes.

THEIR POV - THE GYMNASIUM WING

in the distance. A crowd of STUDENTS is gathered in a ring about three-deep outside the doors leading to the practice fields.

IN THE CAR

JESSE

Oh

God.

He throws open the door, jumps out and runs toward the crowd.

Bewildered, Lisa does likewise, running after him.

As they get closer, they can see that the entire area is cordoned of with red plastic ribbons.

SEVERAL POLICEMEN and OFFICIALS are coming in and out of the building.

A TEACHER is trying to disperse the students, clapping his hands together and pushing through the rubber-neckers.

TEACHER

Okay gang, let's move along.

Jesse stops at the edge of the barricade cranes his neck to see

what's going on.

GRADY spots Jesse and runs over to his side. Jesse is turning white as he watches the scene and listens to Grady's recap: GRADY

Holy shit, man. Where have you been?

Fuckin' Schneider got wasted last night.

Jesse swallows hard to regain his composure. Lisa arrives at his side.

JESSE

Oh Jesus. I'm gonna be sick.

GRADY

(ignores

him)

He must've been working late and some fruitcake came in and sliced him up like a kielbasa. In the shower! Left bloody footprints all over the...

Jesse clamps his hand over his mouth and breaks for some bushes against the building.

Grady looks at a horrified Lisa and gives a puzzled shrug.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

ON THE FOOD LINE

LISA and KERRY are on the lunch line, sliding their trays along the rails. Kerry is wearing a walkman with the volume truned way up - we can almost make out the song.

KERRY

That was something this morning, huh?

About

Schneider,

I

mean.

Lisa nods and takes a plate of macaroni and cheese from one of the KITCHEN STAFF. She doesn't want to talk about it.

KERRY

Jesse sure took it bad, didn't he?

Lisa shrugs and moves her tray away from Kerry's, toward the CASHIER.

Kerry picks up a piece of cake from a shelf and slides ehr tray down until she's next to Lisa again.

IN THE DINING ROOM

JESSE is sitting at a table, a tray of food in front of him, untouched.

He glances up at GRADY as he sits down next to him and starts

digging

in.

GRADY

(with

his

mouth

full)

Look, I'm sorry about Schneider, man.

I didn't know you were so close.

Jesse doesn't qualify that with a response.

GRADY

You want to go out to a movie or something tonight? Get your mind off things?

Jesse shakes his head.

Lisa comes over to the table with her tray and sits down next to Jesse.

Kerry follows and sits next to Grady.

KERRY

Hi,

guys.

(to

Grady,

coquettishly)

Hi, Ronny. You going to Lisa's party tomorrow

night?

GRADY

(without

looking

up

from

his

food)

I can't. I'm grounded.

KERRY

How

come?

GRADY

For throwin' my grandmother down a flight

of

stairs.

Kerry, taking him seriously, nods gravely.

Lisa looks at Jesse's tray of untouched food.

LISA

(to

Jesse)

You should eat something - you'll feel better.

JESSE

I'm

not

hungry.

LISA

I wish you'd talk to me. We can figure it out, you know. We can figure it out together.

JESSE

There's nothing to figure out.

GRADY

(to

Lisa,

disgustedly)

You're wasting your time, the guy's a basket

case.

JESSE

Shut

up,

Grady.

Grady pushes his tray aside.

GRADY

You want me to shut up? Fine, I'll shut up, that's fine. See you around, buddy.

Grady gets up and storms away from the table.

Lisa, deeply pained, looks at Jesse. Jesse avoids her stare until he just drops

his head into his hands and tries not to cry in front of his friends.

He composes himself quickly and digs his fork into his lunch, choking down some macaroni.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LISA, her MOTHER and FATHER are sitting, eating dinner. Lisa's mind is not at the table with her.

MRS.

POLETTI

(to

Lisa)

Bought some nice strawberries at the farm today. We can have some short cake for your friends tomorrow.

Lisa looks up an dsmiles blandly.

MRS.

POLETTI

I also wangled a promise out of your father.

ON MR. POLETTI

He scowls slightly.

LISA

(politely)

What's

that?

MRS.

POLETTI

We're gonna stay out of your way tomorrow night.

LISA

You're

going

out?

MRS.

POLETTI

We're

going

to

bed.

She looks at her husband.

MRS.

POLETTI

Early.

EXT. WALSH HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. The lights inside are all out.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

We hear FOOTSTEPS and we TRAVEL with the sound along the floor to the foot of the basement steps.

INTRUDER'S

POV

as he climbs the steps and approaches the door to the main part of the

house.

THE CAMERA is moving faster now, leaping the top steps and CRASHING through the doorway and onto the foyer floor.

It crosses the FOYER adn begins climbing the stairs to the bedroom level. It stops at Angela's room and opens the door.

ANGELA sleeps soundly, peacefully.

It crosses over to the bed, a menacing SHADOW creeps over her form. The taloned glove pulls down on the blankets and she shifts position in the center of the bed, innocent and vulnerable.

We see the SHADOW of the intruder on the wall...it moves in close to the sleeping child and emits a guttural, inhuman VOICE: INTRUDER

(O.C.)

Wake

up,

little

girl...

Her eyes flutter open. She looks up at the intruder and smiles.

ANGELA

(sleepily)

What

time

is

it?

ANOTHER

ANGLE

We now see that it's JESSE standing over her. he's in his underpants, drenched with sweat and hunched over as if all the muscles in his body were twisted around each other.

The sound of Angela's voice softens him. He slowly straghtens up and looks about the room as if wondering how he got there.

JESSE

(himself

again)

It's late...go back to sleep.

She nods and closes her eyes.

Jesse starts to pull the covers back over her and stops suddenly.

HIS

POV

His right hand is wearing the GLOVE.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - JESSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The desk lamp and a late movie on the T.V. are the only sources of light in the room.

We see that the bed is rumpled and empty and we PAN across the room, to JESSE, sitting on the floor in front of the door, knees up against his chest, trying with all his strength to stay awake.

He has a mug of black coffee in his hand and a pot of java at his side.

He tops off his cup and reaches into the breast pocket of his shirt, withdrawing a small vial of pills.

A BOTTLE OF NO-DOZ

He rips the cap off with his teeth and dumps half the bottle into his

coffee.

EXT. WALSH HOUSE - MORNING

A dark, dreary day. There are no morning sounds except for the SQUEAKING of an old rattle-trap bicycle as an overweight PAPER BOY

swings by and lobs the morning edition over the lawn.

The paper skids off the front steps and into the garden.

INT. WALSH HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

JESSE walks down the steps. He looks ragged and exhausted and worse that ever.

OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN

He stops before going through the double-hinged door to push his hair back

and forces a well rested, easy-going guise.

IN THE KITCHEN

DAD and ANGELA are sitting at the table. MOM is pouring some coffee into a couple of cups.

JESSE

enters.

JESSE

Morning.

MOM

How'd you sleep, honey, okay?

JESSE

Fine.

Mom gives him a quick glance.

MOM

You're looking a little better today.

DAD looks at Jesse's pale skin, the light stubble on his chin and his dark, bloodshot eyes and turns to Mom as if she's nuts.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

The entire pool area has been done up to the max. Japanese lanterns have been strung up above the fence, a long table, covered with festively arranged salads and condiments, stretches across the patio in front of the sliders and a Benny Goodman dance tune is blaring through some outdoor speakers. An all-too-bright underwater light makes the blue water shimmer crystal-clear.

A score of nubile GIRLS in scanty swimsuits and athletic GUYS in cut-offs and trunks, scamper around, eating, swimming and horsing around.

ON MR. POLETTI

Standing over the gas grill, wearing a "Kiss the Cook" chefs hat and apron, cooking up a mess of hanburgers and hot dogs.

ON MRS. POLETTI AND LISA

stepping out of the house through the sliders, carrying more plates of food outside.

A

BOY

bounces once on the diving board and CANNONBALLS into the center of the pool, SPLASHING everything within a fifteen foot radius including,

MR.

POLETTI

who spins around from the grill, annoyed.

MR.

POLETTI

Hey,

watch

it

there!

LISA turns to her mother, mortified.

Mrs. Poletti hands her the platter she is holding and gives Lisa a reassuring squeeze on the shoulder before leaving her side and crossing toward her husband.

Lisa turns her attention to JESSE, at the far corner of the patio, sitting in a lounger, alone. He looks worried and detached.

She looks back toward the grill.

MRS. POLETTI is pulling her husband away, against his will. He finally relents and beckons a BOY over. He turns his spatula over to him, surrenders his chef's hat and allows Lisa's mom to escort him back toward the house.

JESSE, LISA'S POV

He finally gets up and crosses toward the cabanas, going inside and shutting the door.

BACK TO LISA

as her mother and father approach.

MRS.

POLETTI

We're going up to bed now.

LISA

(gratefully)

Thanks,

Mom.

Mr. Poletti clearly doesn't like this arrangement. He looks behind him at all the horny young boys and turns back to Lisa.

MR.

POLETTI

(sternly)

Twelve-thiry, Miss. No later.

LISA

(nods

agreeably)

Twelve-thirty.

I

promise.

Mrs. Poletti takes her husband by the arm again and leads him up to the sliders. He turns around before going through.

MR.

POLETTI

And don't forget to lock the gate.

LISA

(nods)

Goodnight,

Daddy.

Mr. Poletti is half-led, half-pushed through the doorway. mrs.

Poletti pulls the slider closed behind them.

INT. CABANA - NIGHT

A roomy dressing area with an open shower stall at the back.

There's a wide, wooden bench along one wall, covered with clothing and

towels.

JESSE stands in the center of the room, putting his pants on. He is shirtless and shoeless.

SOUND OVER: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

LISA

(O.S.)

Jesse?

Jesse hesitates, uncomfortable.

JESSE

Be out in a minute.

EXT.

CABANA

Lisa waits for Jesse. Finally, he unlatches the door. his shirt is on, unbuttoned. Lisa steps into the cabana.

INT.

CABANA

Lisa shuts the door behind her. The two look at each other a moment. Then Jesse looks away and continues buttoning his shirt.

JESSE

I think I better go. I'm just not into it tonight. I'm sorry.

LISA

Why won't you talk to me?

JESSE

Will you leave me alone? Please.

Jesse crosses to the bench and sits to put on his shoes.

LISA

You're not being fair to me. I'm worried about you and I want to

help you get through this thing.

JESSE

What are you gonna do? How are you gonna help? I'm losing my mind.

(breaking

down)

I don't want to have you watch me fall apart.

Lisa goes to Jesse. She puts a comforting arm on his shoulder.

LISA

It's

okay,

Jesse.

Jesse takes her hand and holds it tight. She sits beside him.

JESSE

(choked)

I'm afraid to go to sleep, I'm afraid to

stay awake - I'm ruining your party.

They're gonna put me away for sure.

LISA

We'll figure it out together. We'll stay up all night if we have to. I won't let anything happen to you.

They look into each others eyes. Lisa kisses him ever so gently, then again. he kisses her. Their kisses grow hungrier.

Love conquers fear and they embrace fully, kissing passionately.

POOLSIDE

THREE BOYS are huddled together, looking up at the Poletti's bedroom

window.

BOY

ONE

Any

second,

now...

THE BEDROOM WINDOW, THEIR POV

The lights FLICK OUT.

BOY

ONE

(O.C.)

(quietly)

Party

time.

ON THE WET BAR

Someone reaches over to the stereo, pops out the Benny Goodman cassette and flicks the radio on. Van Halen BLASTS out of the speakers.

ON

KERRY

In the pool, up to her neck with a HUNK. They both look up as the music changes. The top of her bathing suit floats up to the surface.

KERRY

Oh,

wow,

Van

Halen.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - THE POLETTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At the sound of the music, Mr. Poletti sits up in bed, angrily.

Mrs. Poletti puts an arm on his shoulder.

MRS.

POLETTI

(quietly)

Let them have their fun, Honey.

Mrs. poletti pulls out a pair of earplugs and hands them to Mr.

Poletti, who grumbles, sticks them in his ear and drops back down into his pillow.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Somebody switches off the lights to general applause.

BACK TO KERRY AND THE HUNK

They are in a steamy embrace when the underwater lights go out.

The rest of her suit pops up out of the water.

ON SOME BUSHES

as a COUPLE pulls out a red wagon, stashed in the shrubbery and loaded with beer.

INT. CABANA - NIGHT

JESSE and LISA rolling around on the floor, a lot of heavy petting; not doing it but serious, heated stuff just the same.

HIS HAND, wrapped around Lisa's wrist, pinning it gently to the floor.

ON

LISA

Her eyes closed; feeling him - definitely feeling him.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT, JESSE

Jesse is about to take down Lisa's swimsuit top when an ungodly long iridescent serpent-like TONGUE flicks a foot out of his mouth, wiggles and flicks back in.

Jesse moans lasciviously, not his own voice.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

Jesse pushes himself away from Lisa and scrambles to his feet.

Lisa, unaware of what happened, is puzzled and upset.

ON

LISA

sitting up on the floor.

LISA

What's

wrong?

Jesse tucks in his shirt and buttons his pants. he is visibly shaken.

JESSE

I'll

see

you.

Lisa just looks at him, helplessly.

He slips out the cabana door and shuts it.

ON

LISA

she gets up slowly. She's profoundly worried.

INT. GRADY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grady is sleeping on his back, dead to the world.

Suddenly, a hand clamps down over his mouth.

A light flicks on.

LONGER ANGLE: GRADY'S BEDROOM

It's JESSE. A window is open in the B.G., teh curtains in disarray.

He lifts his hand from Grady's mouth and Grady scrambles out of bed.

GRADY

(hoarsely)

Jesus Christ, you scared the shit out of

me!

JESSE

I'm

sorry...

GRADY

What are you doing here?

JESSE

You gotta let me stay here tonight, Grady.

GRADY

Are you nuts or something?

JESSE

Listen to me, Grady, this is serious.

Something really weird is happening. It started out like just bad dreams but it's getting

real

bad.

Grady is tired and cranky and he doesn't want ot hear this.

GRADY

Aw, will you get out of here! Go and take a sleeping pill or something...

He flops back down on his bed and puts his arm over his eyes.

GRADY

In fact, take a whole bottle and do the world

a

favor.

Jesse sits on the edge of the bed.

JESSE

I

killed

Schneider,

Grady...

Grady lifts his arm from his eyes and stares at Jesse preposterously.

JESSE

(nods)

Only it wasn't me - I was there but it was like something inside of me, moving me around. Then last night it made me go into my sister's room and tonight, with Lisa in the cabana.

We were...on the floor - I felt it happening

again.

He grabs Grady's arm.

JESSE

It wanted me to kill them, Grady!

Grady continues his dumbfounded stare.

GRADY

(finally)

You're fucked in the head.

JESSE

I'm scared, Grady. I know it sounds crazy. But, there's something trying to get into my body.

GRADY

(sneers)

The only thing trying to get into your body is female and waiting for you on a cabana floor. And you want to sleep with me. Go figure.

JESSE

Look, I don't care if you believe me or

not...

GRADY

I believe you. You had some scary dreams,

okay?

JESSE

(frustrated)

No!

(shakes

his

head)

I don't know - everything's all mixed up.

(suddenly

angry)

What difference does it make? I'm in trouble here. I need your help.

Grady lets that sink in.

GRADY

(softer)

Okay, schmuck. What do you want me to

do?

JESSE

Just watch me. If anything weird happens - like if I start dreaming weird or try to walk out of here, you gotta try to bring me out of it.

his me over the head if you have to.

Just don't let me leave.

Grady looks down at the floor, sighs, and nods his head.

JESSE

And

Grady...

Grady looks up.

JESSE

Don't

fall

asleep!

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

The underwater lights are still off, the music has calmed down a bit and most of the KIDS are more into necking than swimming.

TWO BODIES are rolled up in a blanket together. From a short SQUEAL, we can deduce that it's KERRY and her HUNK.

The BAR-B-QUE BOY has remained steadfast at his post although his GIRLFRIEND has joined him and he's paying more attention to her than the hotdogs on the grill.

ON

LISA

She sitting on one of the lounges, her eyes are red from crying.

She's being comforted by a girlfriend, PATTY.

PATTY

Why don't you just call him?

LISA

(tearfully)

He won't talk to me.

PATTY

Well, you're not doing him or yourself any good sitting here and worrying.

Lisa looks at her friend.

LISA

I shoud go see him, but...I don't know, the

party

and

all...

PATTY

(encouragingly)

Go ahead. I'll hold down the fort.

LISA

(getting

up)

Thanks, Patty. You're a pal.

INT. GRADY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grady is sitting up in bed, staring at the T.V. He turns to JESSE, slumped in a nearby chair, asleep.

Grady switches off the TV with the remote.

GRADY

Sweet

dreams,

buddy.

Grady turns off the READING LIGHT by the bed. He gives a final look at Jesse before he pushes the whole thing out of his mind with a disgusted wave of his arm and lays back down.

ON

JESSE

Suddenly, his eyes open widely.

JESSE

Grady?

Grady MUMBLES an obscenity and turns over on his side to face Jesse.

GRADY

What?

JESSE

It's

happening

again.

Grady turns the reading light back on in time to see Jesse DOUBLE

OVER and curl up in obviously incredible pain, falling to his knees. He flails out as if 1000 volts were going through his body and begins to choke on his tongue.

Grady scrambles out of bed and dances around Jesse, not knowing what to do.

ON JESSE'S HAND

as he raises it and his fingers spread widely apart.

Four steel RAZOR-KNIVES tear out from withing the tips of Jesse's fingers like long, bloody switchblades!

GRADY stands by helplessly as Jesse WRITHES.

And then it is like some crazed beast in Jesse's gut, tearing its way out of his skin like someone stepping through a thick, latex film.

As his skin peels away, thousands of capillaries pull apart, spraying blood everywhere in a fine, almost powdery mist.

The transformation is almost complete when FRED KRUEGER's body steps out of the red cloud. All that is left of Jesse is his SCREAMING FACE, plastered like a grisly ruber mask over Freddy's own disfigured features.

Grady backs away toward the door.

GRADY

(screaming)

No! No! No!

ON

FREDDY

He stands up with an evil smile, all there now, and puts on his battered

hat.

ANGLE: GRADY'S BEDROOM

Grady tries desperately to get out, but the door won't open.

Freddy cackles evilly as he cuts off Grady's screams by grabbing his throat with his unarmed hand. he pushes Grady up against the door and lifts him off the floor like he was hanging a picture.

We hear MUFFLED CALLS from outside the door - the off-camera cries of concerned PARENTS.

THE DOORKNOB RATTLES

as they try to get in the room to check on their son.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

a fist, hammering against the door behind Grady's head - his father trying to get in.

MR.

GRADY

(O.C.)

What's going on? Open the door, Ronny!

FREDDY draws back his knife-hand and prepares to plunge it into Grady's stomach like he was spearing a pot roast.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

MR. and MRS. GRADY, in their nightclothes. Mrs. Grady stands with her hands over her mouth as Mr. Grady grabs the know again and BANGS his fist repeatedly against teh door.

ON

FREDDY

Throwing force into his cutting arm. We CUT before impact to: OUTSIDE THE DOOR

We hear Grady SCREAM as the steel blades cut through his body and poke out through the door like it was made of balsa. They wiggle slightly to pull free and are retracted with an ungodly SQUEAK.

Mrs. Grady screams.

MR.

GRADY

My

God.

Mr. Grady throws his shoulder with all his might against the door.

A second excruciating SCREAM inside, and the knives cut through the door, inches from Mr. Grady's head. When they pull out, blood is soaking through the knife holes - it looks as if the door itself is bleeding.

ON

GRADY

breathing his last few gasps.

ON GRADY'S PARENTS

They watch in stunned horror.

ON

GRADY

He sinks slowly to the floor, dead.

Freddy watches as his victim slides into a heap on the floor.

Only we see now that it isn't Freddy anymore but Jesse again, panting exhaustedly and dripping Grady's blood from just under his elbow to the sharp points of the razor-tipped glove he wears on his

hand.

THE DOOR is budging open against Grady's body - a little more with each crash of Mr. Grady's shoulder against the other side.

Jesse is coming to - himself again, and he views what he has done to his best friend with terror crazed eyes.

is eye catches his own reflection in a full length mirror on the wall. The image reflected is of FREDDY.

JESSE

No!

(backing

away

from

the

body)

No! No! No!

(screaming

toward

the

mirror)

You son of a bitch! You killed him!

Jesse hurls the glove at the mirror, cracking it. Freddy's mocking image, however, remains. The last SOUND we hear is a

demonic mix of Jesse's own screams and Freddy's cackling laugh.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Lisa has changed into a white shirt and a pair of cut-offs. She hurries downstairs, buttoning up her shirt and crosses the foyer floor to the door.

She opens the door and JESSE collapses in her arms. He is bloody, bruised and his clothes are torn and dirty.

LISA

(frenzied)

Jesse, God - what happened?

JESSE

(hyperventilating)

I killed him! I killed him!

She draws him in close, trying to comfort him. She looks at his bloody

arms.

LISA

Oh,

Christ,

you're

hurt...

JESSE

(weeping

now)

I killed Grady. I killed Grady, Lisa.

I killed Schneider. Oh my God, he's inside

me...

Lisa looks around, frantically as she holds Jesse tightly against her

body.

LISA

Who,

Jesse?

JESSE

he's just waiting to take me. When I

sleep.

LISA

Who? Who's doing this to you?

He looks at her as if she should know.

JESSE

Fred

Krueger.

(psychotically)

He's been trying to get hold of me, to use me. He needs me to get out of his world into ours...He's gonna take

me

again.

LISA

No, Jesse. This isn't happening.

It's gotta be everything you've

taken in -- Schneider and the diary and the glove -- only it's all

mixed

up.

He pushes away from her, frustrated.

JESSE

No! Christ, how can I make you

understand? He tried to make me kill Angela last night! Look at the blood on

my

hands!

He begins to sob.

JESSE

Oh, God. I did that to Grady...

(suddenly

coherent,

realizing)

He

owns

me.

Lisa puts her arms around him. SHe strokes his head, trying to calm

him.

LISA

I'm not gonna let anyone take you from me. There's got to be a reason. We'll figure

it

out

together.

Suddenly, something makes Lisa stop.

LISA

Wait

a

minute!

She leads Jesse toward the study entryway and opens the door.

LISA

Wait in here for me. I'll be right back.

Jesse goes into the study. Lisa hurries off.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

THE BAR-B-QUE BOY has left his post entirely. He is sitting on a nearby bench with his GIRLFRIEND on his lap and his chef's hat askew on the back

of his head.

Suddenly, the girl points toward the grill.

GIRLFRIEND

Hey,

look!

The kid looks over.

HIS POV - THE GRILL

A platter of hot dogs on an attached cutting board. The hot dogs are exploding, bursting into flames, one by one until the whole

plate is engulfed.

BAR-B-QUE

Holy

Shit!

He jumps up, picks up the flaming platter with his hands and tosses it like a hot potato onto the cooking grid, slamming the lid down with a CRASH.

Some of the WITNESSES hoot and laugh and there's a scattering of applause.

Before Bar-b-que can take a bow for his bravery, his attention is drawn to the sound of rapid POPPING.

HIS

POV

The WAGON OF BEER on the ground near some bushes. The pull tabs are popping off and geisers of brew are shooting up toward the sky.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

LISA opens up the DIARY. JESSE looks over her shoulder.

LISA

Something Nancy said - her last entry.

(reading)

"He is evil itself. I know now that I brought him into my world. We all did, gave him all the energy he needed.

Our screams were all he needed. Now I will take it back - Deny him."

She looks up at Jesse.

LISA

She

wasn't

crazy.

(he

holds

up

the

book)

All

this

really

happened.

(a

beat)

You

can

fight

him.

Jesse looks confussed.

LISA

Remember what I said? About good energy and bad energy? He thrives on bad energy. Hate, anger, fear.

He

is

bad

energy.

(a

beat)

You've been afraid of him.

Jesse suddenly winces in painand puts his hand to his stomach.

JESSE

(panicking)

Oh, God, he's coming back!

(to

Lisa)

Get out of here, Lisa!

CUT

TO:

The window SLAMS shut and LOCKS.

LISA

frightened, looks behind her and back to Jesse, frantically.

LISA

Fight

it,

Jesse!

FRONT DOOR, FOYER

The deadbolt turns with a loud SNAP.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - THE POLETTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Their bedroom door LATCHES firmly.

MR. POLETTI sits up with a start.

MR.

POLETTI

What

was

that?

EXT. GATE - LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

A large padlock swings around and SNAPS shut.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

JESSE is doubled over in pain. Lisa has her hands on his shoulders, shaking him, trying to bring him out of it. The heat has become intense in teh room; they are both sweating profusely and their clothes cling to their wet bodies.

LISA

You created him - you can destroy him.

He lives off your fear. Fight him, Jesse!

JESSE

(painfully)

I

can't!

Tiny bubbles are rising to the top of the aquarium tank and the angelfish float on the surface of the water, poached.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - THE POLETTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MR. POLETTI is standing inside the door in an open robe, tugging on the knob as MRS POLETTI joins him at his side.

He, too is drenched with sweat and the heat has steamed up all the

interior

windows.

MRS.

POLETTI

What

is

it?

MR.

POLETTI

The

lock's

jammed!

Suddenly, there is a BLAST OF MUSIC as a bedside CLOCK RADIO comes to life an immediatly begins melting in the center. The music GROANS to a stop after less than a bar and the amber dial-lamp dies.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

KERRY and HUNK in the pool again. Steam is rising off the surface and the water seems a bit rough for a swimming pool.

Kerry calls out to no one in particular.

KERRY

Hey, can somebody turn down the heater?

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

JESSE is writhing on the floor as LISA jumps around him, helplessly.

LISA

You're not afraid of him! He doesn't even

exist.

ON THE T.V.

as it, too, comes to life with a BLAST OF SOUND, SPARKS violently and

dies.

ON THE AQUARIUM

as the water comes to a boil, the glass SHATTERS and the carpeting is flooded with a wave of steaming water and dead marine life.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

as the Japanese lanterns begin to brighten considerably - as if there's a power surge in the line. Each of the bulbs begin to burst, scattering a group of screaming TEENAGERS from beneath them.

INT.

STUDY

ON LISA, JESSE'S POV

Horrified.

ON THE DESK FRONT

as a hand comes up into frame - FREDDY'S hand. It scrapes up the wooden panel and grips the desktop, cutting four deep notches into the scrolled edge-

molding.

ON

LISA

She

GASPS.

FREDDY is standing in front of her.

FREDDY

(laughting

hideously)

He

can't

fight

me.

(raising

his

eyebrows)

I'm

him.

Freddy approaches, flashing his razor-knives like a set of Tiffany rings.

Lisa looks about the room for some escape.

Freddy swings. Lisa counters by pulling an afghan from the back of one of the chairs and catching it in his blades.

She reaches behind her for something to hit him with and comes up with a heavy brass lamp from the top of the desk. She SMASHES him over the head with it.

The impact throws him back long enough for her to slip by him and run out of the study. She slams the door behind her.

Freddy recovers quickly from the blow and, angry now, takes after her.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - THE POLETTI BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Poletti is banging on the door and wrenching the knob.

MR.

POLETTI

Lisa!

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

as LISA runs through the room, rounds the newel post of the stairway and skids across the parquet floor to the front door.

She grabs the knob and pulls. Locked.

LISA

(screaming

for

help)

Jesse!

Panic-stricken, she turns to run.

FREDDY LEAPS across the room at LISA. She tries to run past him but collides with him instead. They both go down on the waxed floor.

LISA tries to scramble away. FREDDY grabs her foot and sinks his teeth into her bare calf. She SCREAMS in pain.

LISA kicks him in the head with her other foot.

FREDDY strikes at her leg with his talons, but she twists away and he wedges the blades deep into the oak floor.

She squirms free as Freddy pull s and pulls on his weapon to un-stick it from the floor. She runs toward the kitchen.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

KERRY and HUNK in the middle of the pool. The surface is choked with steam and their bodies are lobster-red. They are trying to get to the stairway at the low end but the water has become even more turbulant and much hotter and randowm waves keep pushing them back, panting, toward the deep end.

Kerry goes under and Hunk picks her up to hold her head up above the

water.

HUNK

Help!

ON THE PATIO

several BOYS rush to the fence to pull down a life-hook hanging there on a bracket.

Other TEENS stand around, wondering what's happening.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LISA is devastatingly frightened as she crashes through the doors and quickly scans the room.

She runs to the sliding glass doors leading out to the pool area and hurls aside the draperies.

ON the other side of the glass, FIVE KIDS tug frantically or the door and bang on the glass, trying to get in.

BACK TO LISA

She turns toward the counter and spots A WOODEN KNIFE-BLOCK

a good selection of gourmet cutlery.

FREDDY

crashes into the room.

ON

LISA

jumping toward the knives.

She grabs for the thickest handle and unsheathes it from the block. This is one hell of a KNIFE - a fourteen inch long blade of carbon steel - all it needs is a blood-gutter to move it from the kitchen to the battlefield.

THE

SLIDERS

The FIVE KIDS outside the glass doors stare, aghast.

KITCHEN

Freddy stops in the center of the room as she swings around, holding the knife in her fist defensively.

LISA

Jesse,

help!

FREDDY

I'm

Jesse

now,

Lisa.

He chuckles as he raises his own weapon and rhythmically clicks the blades together. he's up for a feisty victim.

Lisa tries to get up the courage to send the knife home.

ON

FREDDY

His expression changes suddenly.

FREDDY

(Jesse's

voice,

pleading)

Kill me! Please kill me!

ON

LISA

She is devastated by teh sound of Jesse's voice coming from within this

monster.

ON

FREDDY

himself

again.

FREDDY

(mockingly)

Go agead, Lisa. Kill him! Kill him!

He steps toward her and she swings with the knife. He jumps back, inches from the blade.

He laughs and moves for her again.

This time she swings and hits her mark, driving the knife deep into Freddy's shoulder.

She PLUNGES the blade in, again and again, pushing him back across the room. The knife cuts long gashes but they do not bleed and with each puncture of the blade, Freddy lets out a horrible laugh: FREDDY

(Jesse's

voice)

Lisa...Lisa...I love you...I love you!

Stunned, she steps back into the center of the room.

She raises the knife again but she is crying hysterically and just doesn't have

it in her.

Freddy catches her wrist with his bare hand and squeezes it with all his strength.

Lisa begins quaking and her knees weaken. She closes her eyes.

LISA

(tearfully)

Please,

God...

She drops the knife: it sticks into the linoleum.

ON

FREDDY

He starts to mouth a parting death-word but suddenly stops.

TWO SHOT - LISA AND FREDDY

Lisa opens her eyes. He is stell standing there, poised for the kill but he is staring at her with an odd expression - perhaps a glint of recognition.

Lisa stares back, wondering why she isn't dead yet.

CLOSE ON FREDDY

A frown of confusion distorts his ugly face and his lower lip quivers

slightly.

Suddenly, he throws her aside like a fisherman tossing acks an undersized

flounder.

FREDDY

(as

Jesse)

Nooo...

ON

LISA

SMASHING into the wall with force. She slides down to the floor, semi-conscious.

BACK TO FREDDY

he emits an agonized SCREAM and LUNGES, not at her but

DIVING

through the glass doors to the pool area.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

REVERSE

ANGLE

as the glass shatters into a million shimmering pieces and Freddy is gone - vanishing before our eyes.

The pool has stopped swirling although it continues to simmer.

KERRY, HUNK and LIFEHOOK BOY cough and shake as they are helped out of the water and wrapped in towels by some FRIENDS.

Many of the TEENS are huddled in little groups. Some are crying, others just look at the remnants of the party in disbelief.

TEENS

What happened? Where'd he go. Etc.

Several BRAVE BOYS approach the shattered sliders with cautious curiosity.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

MR. and MRS. POLETTI listen to the uncomfortable silence. they look at the door as it UNLATCHES with a soft SNAP. Wary, they don't

move.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

One BRAVE BOY in the group kneels down and touches his hand on the patio, looking or some explanation for the shattered glass.

ON THE TAPE DECK

as the cassette pops itself in and switches on GLENN MILLER.

BACK TO PATIO

Everyone looks around, spooked.

Suddenly, there is a huge RIPPING sound and FREDDY violently CRASHES up through the concrete!

ON THE KIDS

Screaming at the sight of the monster.

ON THE POOL

as it begins to churn and boil.

THE

RAZOR-KNIVES

fan

open

Brave Boy screams as Freddy swipes the knives toward his throat.

Before contact, we

CUT

TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

as Mr. Poletti scrambles down the stairs with Mrs. poletti close behind.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGTH

as FREDDY grabs another teen and throws him into the overheated pool. he SCREAMS as he hits the water.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON THE DOOR

as MR. POLETTI bursts through, followed by his wife.

She screams when she sees

LISA

(groggily)

He couldn't do it, Momma.

MR. POLETTI looks up at the sound of the OFF-SCREEN SCREAMING. He rushes across the room to the sliders.

EXT.

POOLSIDE

Total CHAOS has taken over. KIDS are running in every direction, screaming as FREDDY lashes out indiscriminately.

A SCREAMING GIRL is PUSHED INTO THE POOL by the stampeding kids and is SUCKED UNDER.

TWO BOYS vault the WALL. One perches on top, holding a hand out to help HIS GIRL over.

BOY

Come

on!

FREDDY races at them and SLASHES THE GIRL. She drops. The BOY

clambers over the wall.

ON A FLEEING KID

THE FLEEING KID runs toward camera (no othe rkids in shot). As he runs, he BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN, as if being held back by an invisible force. Suddenly, FREDDY APPEARS AND, AT NORMAL SPEED, SLASHES THE KID.

EXT. CHAIN LINK FENCE - POOLSIDE

SEVERAL KIDS breaks for the gate. The PADLOCK is secure.

ONE KID grabs onto the chain-link fence to climb it. The links SMOKE AND SIZZLE, and the kid lets go with a scream.

His HANDS are branded with the pattern of the steel links.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Poletti turns whit, not believing his eyes. He backs away from the sliders.

MR.

POLETTI

My

God!

He backs off some more only taking his eyes off the scene to glance at his wife and daughter.

MR.

POLETTI

Get her out of here!

MRS. POLETTI looks back at her husband, questioningly.

MR.

POLETTI

(urgently)

Get her out of here!

She starts to help Lisa to her feet.

MR. POLETTI turns on his heels and runs through the kitchen doors.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Freddy stands in the center of the patio, swinging with his claw as a few DO-

GOODERS circle him and try to calm him down like he was just some ordinary homicidal maniac. At Freddy's feet, another hapless VICTIM.

ONE DO-GOODER who's watched too many police dramas on T.V. jockeys around Freddy and throws out some hostage control lines.

DO-GOODER

Now calm down - we want to help you.

Freddy displays his blades like a rabid cat, ready to strike.

FREDDY

Help

yourself,

fucker.

Behind them, a row of shrubs suddenly combusts.

Freddy grabs him by the wrist, laughs and, swinging him around like he were throwing the Hammer, sends him with a bone-splitting CRASH into

THE GAS GRILL

The force of the impact shears the grill from its pedestal and causes a huge column of FIRE to shoot up into the heavens.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

MR. POLETTI swings one of the chairs into the gun case SHATTERING

the glass door.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

The KIDS are trapped inside the pool area, frozen with fear, hysterical.

With the gas-fire raging to one side, he screams out like an evangelist on angel dust.

FREDDY

You are all my children!

SOUND OVER: A SHOT RINGS OUT

BLOWING AWAY a dish of potato salad on a table at Freddy's side.

Several teens dive for cover.

ON MR. POLETTI

standing in the frame of the shattered sliders. he is holding a pump-action

shotgun.

as he brings the gun down to give it a second pump.

MR.

POLETTI

Shit!

He raises the weapon again, but LISA rushes out and pushes the barrel of the gun down. MR. POLETTI FIRES into the patio.

MR.

POLETTI

(furious)

What

are

you

doing?

ON

FREDDY

he looks toward the doors and makes eye contact with Lisa.

Suddenly, he turns on his hells and walks THROUGH THE BRICK WALL as if it weren't there. The very top of his head and his hat are higher than the top of the wall and remain solid as he moves through and out the other side. There is SMOKE AND SCORCH on the bricks where he passed.

SILENCE and stunned faces. Frightened whimpers here and there.

MR.

POLETTI

Where

did

he

go?

ON

LISA

She puts her hand to her mouth - she knows. MRS. POLETTI has come onto the patio now and joins her daughter and husband.

Lisa turns and runs into the house.

MRS.

POLETTI

Where

are

you

going?

Lisa is already gone.

MR

POLETTI

(calling

her

back)

Lisa!

JESSE'S CAR - EXT. POLETTI HOUSE - NIGHT

LISA opens the door and gets into the driver's seat.

SOUND OVER: POLICE SIRENS APPROACHING

INT. JESSE'S CAR

She looks at the make-shift switches and tries to remember how Jesse.

She flicks the toggle and pushes the starter button. Nothing.

She remembers the two wires under the dash and twists them together. She pushes the starter button.

The starter GROANS. It doesn't seem like it's going to start.

ON

LISA

LISA

(frantically)

Please

work,

please.

The car back-fires and starts. She puts it into gear and pulls out.

EXT. DARK HIGHWAY - NIGHT

as the old FALCON tears down the highway.

INT. JESSE'S CAR

LISA is at the wheel, squinting through the darkness, trying to hold the road.

EXT. ABANDONED POWERHOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa pulls up to the building and shuts the engine off.

INSIDE

She hastily tears a strip of cloth from her shirt and ties it around the wound on her leg. She gets out of the car.

She steps up to the front of the building.

HER

POV

The entrance is ringed by A PAIR OF MANGY WILD DOGS WITH

EERIE, UNNATURAL FACES who growl threateningly as she approaches.

She shows no fear as she steps right up to the enterance. THey snap at her hands but she doesn't pull them out of the way. They part, allowing her to pass through.

INT. POWERHOUSE - NIGHT

LISA walks in cautiously. The powerhouse looks fare different than it did in daylight -- mysterious, dangerous, brewing, almost alive. Steam is leaking from between rusty rivets and torn gaskets and we hear the POUNDING of ancient expansion tanks belching out rancid air.

The interior is bathed in an electric blue light that intermittently washes pale as hot white arcs flash in distant corners of the building.

She walks in deeper, carelessly touching her fingers to a large steam pipe and retracting her hand quickly from its blistering sting.

She stops at the center of the room. Suddenly, a twinge of pain on her face and she looks down at ehr leg.

now, serious pain as she bends over and frenziedly pulls up on the make-shift

bandage.

ON HER WOUND

It is SWARMING with big, black, carpenter ants.

She screams and brushes them away with her hands, quaking with disgust.

As abruptly as they appeared, they are gone; the blood-soaked bandage is intact, covering the wound.

She bhacks away from teh sump and begins climbing the rusted metal stairway up to the catwalk.

SOUND OVER: SCRAPING METAL

She stops midway and looks around, frightened.

A few seconds to regain her courage and she steps onto the walkway.

A

RAT

-- the one she met before -- scurries at her. It stops, stares at her evilly, hisses unnaturally.

Lisa

screams.

Suddenly, a CAT pounces on the rat.

The cat looks up at Lisa with ONLY THE TAIL OF THE RAT STICKING

OUT OF ITS MOUTH. Its eyes are demonic, its teeth crooked yellow fangs. It growls like a beast five times its size. The cat takes another chomp on the rat, and the rat's tail disappears down its gullet.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

LISA jumps down off the sairway onto the catwalk and starts to run. She CLANGS over the steel-mesh flooring.

A section of the catwalk gives way beneath her feet and LISA plummets as if she were dropped through a trap door. Her arms flail over her head, but her hand manages to grab around a section of handrail that's still solid.

ANOTHER

ANGLE

we see the catwalk is intact - it looks as if her knees just gave out but she

continues to hold on to the railing for dear life.

She tests the flooring by feeling it before attempting to rise ore release her grip.

She rises and turns around.

FREDDY is there.

Lisa

SCREAMS.

FREDDY

Had

your

chance.

(raising

his

talons)

Die

now!

He slashes at her. She ducks and runs back toward the stairway.

The STAIRWAY IS RED HOT, SMOKING.

FREDDY closes in.

FREDDY

Come to me, Lisa - I'm waiting for you.

Lisa stops short, looks around desperately. There is nowhere to go.

LISA

Oh, God, Jesse - I know you're there!

Stop

him!

FREDDY

Jesse's dead, Lisa. Freddy's here.

Freddy strikes, cutting Lisa's shoulder.

LISA

(screams)

Jesse!

Freddy closes in on her. She is trapped, finished.

FREDDY

(smiles

perversely)

Wanna join your little friend?

LISA

Where's

Jesse?

FREDDY

There is no Jesse. I'm Jesse now.

LISA

I want him back. Jesse, talk to me.

Jesse!

Freddy raises his talons for the kill. The sharp oints are within an inch of her eyes. Lisa, terrified, summons up all her energy, all her might, and looks Freddy in the eye.

LISA

I

love

you,

Jesse!

Freddy stares at ehr, talons frozen in mid-air. The horrible hand quivers, as if against an unseen force. And then --

The wounds on Freddy's shoulder and chest rip open.

He looks down at them, surprised. They bleed real, human blood.

LONGER

ANGLE

Lisa breaks past him and starts to run but stops suddenly, a few paces from Freddy. She turns to look at him leaning weakly against the railing, with an expression of confusion on his face that is almost pathetic. he touches his wounds, surprised.

Lisa is no longer afraid - she's angry now. She looks him straight in the eye.

His razor-knives click together like they're running low on

batteries.

Freddy beckons her over with the knife on his index finger.

FREDDY

(Jesse's

voice)

Come and get me, Lisa.

Freddy laughs wickedly.

LISA moves a step toward Freddy.

LISA

I'm not afraid of you. You couldn't kill me...He's in there and I want him back. I'm gonna take him away from you and you're going straight back to hell, you son-of-a-bitch!

FREDDY

(getting

angry)

Jesse's dead! I sliced 'im real good!

Lisa moves closer to Freddy.

LISA

Come back to me, Jesse.

She locks her gaze on Freddy's eyes and looks right through him.

LISA

I love you, Jesse. Come back to me.

FREDDY

He's

dead,

you

bitch.

Freddy seems to be in a good deal of pain. He drops to one knee.

Lisa moves closer. He tries to move away from her.

FREDDY

(threateningly)

I'll

kill

you

now.

LISA

(ignoring

him)

He can't hold you Jesse. He's losing his grip - you can get out.

FREDDY

He'll

die

with

me!

She kneels beside Freddy, takes off his hat and begins to lovingly stroke his head. he seems to be writhing a bit and emits several frightened

moans.

FREDDY

He'll die with both of us!

She gathers all her nerve and moves in closer.

He lifts his deadly hand and presses it into her chest. She flinches in pain but continues to come in close until her mouth is almost touching his.

he moves his blades onto her back, trying to push them into her flesh, but he is too weak to do much damage.

TIGHTER

ANGLE

Locked in this strange embrace, she presses her lips against his with as much passion as she can muster and KISSES HIM.

LONGER ANGLE: FREDDY & LISA There is a moment of quiet. Then smoke starts to rise off of Freddy. He pushes her away with an excruciating SCREAM.

The sound of the POUNDING machinery is becoming deafening. The electric FLASHES are firing more rapidly and arcing across the Power Plant. The room is RAPIDLY HEATING UP.

A SMALL FLAME shoots along the railing.

SMALL FIRES begin to break out on the catwalk around Freddy.

ANGLE: PAINTED SURFACE

The PAINT BEGINS TO SMOKE AND BUBBLE with the heat. As the heat increases it INTO FLAME.

ON PIPES

STEAM begins shooting up from every pipe joint.

ANOTHER ANGLE: PIPES

STEAM shoots out of the valves. heavy iron VALVE WHEELS SPIN OFF

THEIR STEMS and roll down the FLAMING CATWALKS.

ON

LISA

Surrounded by flames and smoke, she watches it all with fear and amazement.

CLOSE ON FREDDY

His flesh is starting to melt.

LONGER ANGLE: FREDDY

He bursts into DENSE, ALL-ENGULFING FLAME.

The power plant is going crazy: the steaming, smoking, and flaming all reach their high peak. Pipes are bursting with steam:

valve wheels flying off.

Andthen everything begins to slow down, ease off.

The flames are dying down around the charred corpse, and we can see it is no longer moving.

The little fires around him are also dying down.

And the smoke, the steam, and the deafening noise abate.

ON FREDDY'S CORPSE

The fires are out now. there is only some smoke. And the terrible heat has turned to COOL BLUE LIGHT.

The still smoldering corpse, with its back to us, begins to stir.

LONGER ANGLE: CATWALK

Lisa backs away, terrified. The corpse turns to her -- it is Jesse, his clothes smoldering, his body singed and blackened with soot. But alive, coming around as if it were all just a bad dream.

LISA moves to him and cradles him in her arms.

FADE

OUT

FADE

IN:

EXT. WALSH HOUSE - DAY

A SHINY NEW SCHOOL BUS rolls down the street. It pulls up by the curb near the Walsh House.

JESSE, his RIGHT ARM IN A SLING but otherwise fresh and happy, kisses MOM goodbye at the FRONT DOOR. He hurries down to the bus, gets in.

The DOORS fold shut, the GEARS GRIND and the bus continues along its route.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

There are about a DOZEN KIDS in the bus, playing radios, having a good time, etc.

LISA, in the back, waves to Jesse and smiles. She wears a BANDAGE

on her shoulder where Freddy slashed her. Jesse, in the front smiles and waves back.

Jesse makes his way down the aisle to Lisa, greeting a few kids, slapping a hand or two.

ON JESSE & LISA

Jesse plops down next to her, gives her a quick kiss, puts his good arm around her.

JESSE

Hi.

LISA

Hi.

Lisa

chuckles.

JESSE

What's

so

funny?

LISA

We must look like a couple of escapees from

a

veterans'

hospital.

Jesse smiles and shakes his head.

JESSE

I can't believe we actually --

Lisa puts a finger to her mouth to cut him off -- no need to tell about unpleasant things. Jesse smiles again -- she's right. he kisses

her.

Jesse moves his head away from hers for the big kiss. Lisa's eyes are closed, ready to receive it.

She opens her eyes. They are pupil-less, blood-streaked, demonic.

With an EVIL ROAR, a huge SERPENT TONGUE FLICKS OUT of her mouth and attacks Jesse who screams.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

The bus WHINES near the top end of third, all of its FLASHERS

firing wildly. It races away through the desert in a cloud of dust.

FADE

OUT